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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Some Aspects Of The Racing Cloture  
—The Impossibility of Reconciling  
Its Announcement With Its  
Ostensible Objectives

Last week, in this department some brief and rather hurried comments were made upon the prohibition of racing announced by the Government on December 23. As they were written the day following its publication it was stated that of necessity they were cursory merely.

Now, with a better perspective, it is possible to survey the action taken in a more understanding and comprehensive light. So a few further observations will be in order.

In the first place, then, it may be said that the issuance of the edict and the manner of its application were in complete opposition to the announced purpose; namely—

The "Help Win the War" slogan which just at present is being used, like the mantle of charity, to cover a multitude of extremely doubtful actions.

In the first place, the anti-racing crusade, which commenced gathering headway several seasons ago when the prosperity of the sport began to assume proportions displeasing to those contingents which have always been arrayed in opposition to it, immediately took advantage of the war situation to denounce it because of divers and sundry ways, so

Continued on Page Sixteen

## T. R. A. Recommends Complete Compliance With Byrnes' Request

Having gone on record with a pledge of complete cooperation to War Mobilization Director, James F. Byrnes, the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the United States has turned its attention to the mechanical details of adjustment to the present racing emergency.

In a telegram sent Mr. Byrnes following a special meeting of the T. R. A. Board of Directors on Wednesday, December 27, in New York, the group recommended to its 33 member tracks complete compliance with the suspension of racing.

The Directors then decided to call a special membership meeting on January 12th to discuss the problem of how best to aid horsemen, jockeys, trainers and others connected with the turf who have been hard-hit by the suddenness of the Byrnes ruling.

Continued on Page Eleven

## Nearly \$8,000,000 Contributed From Racing In 1944

Racing was put on the bench as of January 3, 1945 but it can well afford to look back over its record during the war years and find figures which will show what the sport has accomplished.

Since Pearl Harbor, \$16,954,637 has been turned over to war relief and charity by the tracks. The sale of war bonds was encouraged at all the meetings and employees had regular deductions made to purchase bonds. Special days have been held at the tracks when the admission was a war bond and the payment of the taxes only.

This past season saw \$7,954,637 raised for these causes, of which Bay Meadows went all out and topped the list by the grand sum of \$1,400,747.

This total amount has not been exceeded by any other sport in the country.

To conserve rubber and gasoline, the tracks again combined meetings this year or held two meetings at the same track. Saratoga went to Belmont, Empire to Jamaica, Lincoln Fields to Hawthorne and Arlington Park to Washington Park. In Maryland, Havre de Grace and Bowie still remained closed but shared in the joint meetings at Pimlico and Laurel.

Closed since 1941, Hollywood Park renewed its meeting which ran for 34 days, of which 7 were given to war relief and charity to raise over \$1,000,000. Delaware Park returned

Continued on Page Seventeen

## President Reports Outstanding Year For United Hunts

The membership of the United Hunts Racing Association has received a report from Lewis E. Waring, president, which indicates a most outstanding year for this organization.

The autumn meeting, the 40th consecutive year of racing for the United Hunts, was held at Belmont Park, Monday, November 6th, the first day of the 9-Day Victory Meeting. Each Member was given three badges for the entire 9-Day Victory Meeting which by their use showed that this generous gesture was greatly appreciated by the membership.

The notable event of the program that day was the three-mile \$15,000 added Temple Gwathmey Memorial Steeplechase Handicap. This race brought together for the first and only time the top jumpers of the year and the winner was Mrs. E. duPont Weir's \*Burma Road.

At this meeting, the very large sum of \$38,500 in money purses, besides valuable trophies, was distributed.

With a splendid attendance, even with inclement weather, and pari-mutuel wagering of \$1,604,080, the United Hunts in 1944 paid the State of New York a total revenue of \$108,383.73 (pari-mutuel revenue tax on admissions) and the Federal Government received for admissions tax, \$3,854.85. These figures show that the United Hunts is doing its share as in the past, toward State and Federal taxes.

From the 1944 Victory Meeting, Continued on Page Ten

## M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon Is Champion 'Chaser

Won Purses Totalling Over \$39,000; \*Burma Road Is Next With \$33,120

The past 1944 steeplechasing season has gone by and the results are altogether pleasing for the persons who have stood behind this sport for so long. New owners and new horses appeared at the tracks and the colors of owners in the armed forces were still represented, indicating that they still have steeplechasing in mind even though they are many miles away from the country.

In 1943 the purses at the major tracks and Hunt Meetings aggregated \$360,050 but this past season passed this amount with a total of \$547,115.

The steeplechasing was done at the major tracks with the exception of the three Hunt Meetings which have continued, Middleburg, Rose Tree and Montpelier. Delaware Park and Laurel were again open and Saratoga held its meeting at Belmont while Aqueduct continued its usual meeting. The United Hunts Racing Association held its meeting on the first day of the Victory Meeting at Belmont Park on November 6th and the net receipts from this successful day were added to racing's War Fund.

The championship honors went to Continued on Page Seventeen

## Turf Club Announces Decision Regarding Santa Anita Racing

Los Angeles Turf Club, Inc., wishes to announce that it made application to the California Horse Racing Board to rescind the permit previously granted it for the season contemplated to start December 30, 1944. The board in extraordinary session took favorable action upon this request.

Our action has been taken in response to the following appeal made in the published statement of James F. Byrnes, War Mobilization Director:

"With the approval of the President, I urge that management of these tracks take immediate measures to bring present race meetings to a close by January 3, 1945, and to refrain from resuming racing at all tracks until war conditions permit."

Santa Anita is most mindful of Continued on Page Five

## The Pleasures Of Hacking

By Samuel J. Henry

One of the best features of riding concerns something which the modern gadget ridden world is denying us more and more. That is the steady quality of remoteness. Yet you can mount your horse at any country barn and with almost no effort or delay feel that you have escaped into the leisure and primitive way of life of two or three centuries ago.

It seems to me that in no sport or pastime, other than riding, is one so aware of soothing isolation, where man and mount take on such an aspect of timelessness.

### INDIAN SUMMER

Today, for instance, in gorgeous Indian summer, we see the loitering

meadow lark, today in her leave taking, feeding under the waving golden rod, now wilted and grey. The bird's high sweet note rings out clear as the upper tones of an operatic star.

In the fields the pollen laden rag weed and beyond, as a flaming border, the hedges flashing the hot red coloring of poison oak.

Nuthatches nodding and clinging head down on the meadow elm and swamp willow searching for insect larvae.

The iron weed's purple blossom-ho our horses love it. Among the lesser growth feed the quail, daintily pecking tid-bits at will. Now pipes Continued on Page Sixteen

# Hunting Notes:-



## An Interlude

By A. Henry Higginson

### Chapter Five

The sound of the distant horn and the cheering gradually died away, as Jack and Alice Meredith sped along in their motor, after the wedding festivities were over. For ten minutes neither one said a word and then Alice leaned forward and put her hand over her husband's.

"I can't believe it, Dear," she said. "I just can't believe that our dream has come true. It's been such a long time—hasn't it?"

"The glorious uncertainty of fox-hunting," Jack said. "Do you remember that pet phrase of Bob Westcott's?" They both laughed. Presently she spoke again.

"Where are we going, Dear? You know, you haven't told me a thing about your plans. I've just taken it all on faith. I know we are not going foxhunting with some other pack; because it's the wrong time of year. But where are we going? We seem to be headed North. This is the B. V. country, isn't it?"

"You'll see soon enough, Alice. You don't know this country; I thought you might like to see it," he added teasingly. "We'll be in the Mendip country before long. This is Shepton Mallet we are coming into now. It adjoins the Berkeley and the Duke of Beaufort's; we'll be in Bath inside of half an hour." The motor sped on over the old Roman Road—the "Foss Way" they used to call it—and presently they came in sight of the ancient city of Bath, lying in the valley below. "Some day," Jack said "we'll visit this place properly and stop at the old Pump Room, where Beau Nash used to preside. It's almost as it was in his day, but I'm afraid we've got to get on now; for I want to make Brecon before dark. We're going to stop the night there. If you want any Tea we'd better get it at the Cross Hands—that's in the Duke of Beaufort's country."

They motored through the old city, with its stiff rather ornate Georgian houses, and turned left-handed away from the Chippenham road, climbing a steep hill onto the flat plateau which forms the Southern part of the Badminton country; mile after mile of gently rolling fields, separated by stone walls.

"This is what Beaufort calls his 'upper country'," Jack said. "I hunted here when I had a day with his father many years ago. We killed our fox not very far from here. The famous Sodbury Vale lies off to the left of this road, and the Berkeley country stretches away beyond that, to the Severn. I've never hunted

there, but I've always wanted to. We'll come to the 'Cross Hands' in a few minutes, if you want to stop there for Tea; or we can go straight on to Gloucester."

Alice said that she didn't feel hungry; so they went on past the old Inn; past Stroud and so into the ancient cathedral city of Gloucester, where they turned left, over the Severn and on to the road which runs parallel with the river. Two miles beyond the roads forked and Jack taking the right-hand fork, they went on through Spence-Colby's country and crossed the Wye at Hereford, and on toward Monmouth, near which is the old castle of Raglan, where the Monmouth County Hunt Point-to-Point is held every year. At Monmouth they turned North again, up the valley of the Usk, which wanders down between the hills where it has its source and through Brecon; at about seven o'clock they pulled into the yard of the "Castle of Brecon Inn", which overlooks the town from which the County takes its name.

They were expected. The manager himself welcomed them at the hall door and escorted them to a pleasant room overlooking the Usk Valley, which has been reserved for them; while the porter unloaded their luggage which was in the back of the car.

"How soon can we get dinner?" Jack asked. "We're famished; could we have it served up here?" The manager smiled.

"I've got a message for you from Captain Rees, Sir, who engaged your rooms for you. He said—would I present his compliments and say that he would be very much honoured if you and Mrs. Meredith would dine with him. A sort of celebration, I gather."

"What about it, Dear? Are you too tired?"

"No, of course not," she answered. "I think it would be a lot of fun." Jack turned to the manager.

"Would you thank Captain Rees for us, please, and say we would be delighted? What time—do you know?"

"I should think in about twenty minutes, Sir. He's been expecting you this last half hour."

Presently there came a tap on the door, and in came Captain Rees, bearing a tray on which were three glasses, each with its lump of sugar stained brown with Angostura Bitters, and a curl of lemon-peel, and beside them a bottle of the "Wine of France".

"Hello, Rees," said Meredith. "It

is nice to see you. Alice—I want to introduce my old friend, Jack Rees. This is my wife, Jack."

"So I gathered," laughed Rees. "Mike wired me today that you were on your way, and I thought it only right that we should have a little celebration up here in Wales; though I didn't know whether I ought to inflict myself on you for dinner, or not," he added. "But I took a chance and I was lucky enough to catch a nice salmon yesterday and we'll have him for dinner tonight. But first," he added, "I think we must have a cocktail and since nothing but champagne is good enough for a wedding feast, I thought we had better have aa champagne cocktail." He filled the glasses and they all drank to each other. "I tried to get Jack and Mrs. Evans to dine with you tonight, but they couldn't make it. By the way, Jack wants you to have a day's fishing on his water tomorrow, and see the hounds in the morning. What about it? They're a rough lot, but I thought you would be interested in seeing them. You can decide that later; there's no hurry now. You must be tired and hungry. Better come in and have dinner. I've got a little sitting-room here, you know, as I live here permanently."

Presently, when they were seated at dinner in Rees' comfortable quarters, he broached again the question of a visit to the kennels in the morning. Jack Meredith looked across at his wife, who nodded smilingly. "I think that would be best," said Rees, "and then, you might fish on his water in the evening. It's quite close by, and the trout are rising in the river at dusk better than at any other time; and, as a matter of fact, I know that he and Mrs. Evans hope that you will dine with them tomorrow night."

"Well, Rees," Meredith answered. "We had planned to go on to Brechfa tomorrow. Old Sivell will be expecting us there; but your suggestion is a very tempting one. I suppose I could telephone him and say that we would be twenty-four hours late. What do you think, Alice?"

"Well," answered his wife, "I'm in your hands, Dear. I had no knowledge of your plans—as you know,—but I must say that I think Captain Rees' suggestion and Mr. Evans' invitation are most alluring. I'm not much of a hand at fly-fishing, you know; but I would love to try—if someone will lend me a rod and some wading-boots."

"They're all in your luggage," Jack laughed. "You don't know how many new things you've got; but I

knew what we would run into up here, and I think we are prepared for sport of any kind—both of us," he added. "Right, Rees,—you tell Mr. Evans from us, that we'll be delighted to come to the kennels in the morning and to go fishing in the afternoon if that suits him. I'll get through to Sivell tomorrow early, and let him know that we'll be twenty-four hours late. And now," he went on, "if you'll forgive us for leaving early, I think we'll turn in. It's been a pretty tiring day—though a very nice one."

In the morning, about ten, Jack Evans, the Brecon Master, came to the hotel and took the Merediths in his motor to the Brecon kennels just outside the town. It was a rough Welsh pack that they saw there; rough, not only in their coats, but also in the conditions under which they lived; but they were a workmanlike lot that looked like business, and when one looked up at the steep Welsh mountains which rose behind them, one realized that to hunt that country with any degree of success, quite a different type of hound was necessary from that which made up the Midland packs—or even the Provincial countries of the South.

"I'm afraid we've got no Peterborough champions here," said Evans, "or even such a pack as that which inhabits the kennels at Itton Court; but I've got a lot of Sir Edward Currie's blood in my pack, and I'm trying to produce a type of hound which I think is best suited for work in the very rough country which we hunt here. Some day, perhaps you and Mrs. Meredith will come up and spend a week with us and then you can see for yourself how very different conditions are. The hill foxes which inhabit the rough country in those hills take a lot of catching, and hounds have to do it by themselves—more, I should fancy, after the manner that you hunt in America; from what I've read in books—for I've never been there myself. I don't think the orthodox Stud Book hound could stand the wear and tear that these hounds of mine have to go through, day after day."

Certainly the inmates of the Brecon kennels looked like business, and Meredith was much struck with the muscular development, particularly of their backs and loins, and the ruggedness of their general conformation—and said so. "Come to the Welsh Hound Show at Cardiff, if ever you get a chance," said

Continued on Page Fifteen

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## A Good Day With The Delhi Hounds

By Major Philip K. Crowe

New Delhi, Nov. 16—It was almost seven years to a day since I last had the pleasure of a run after jackal with the Delhi Fox Hounds, but despite the necessary restrictions of war, last Sunday's meet was quite as good as any I can remember in the palmy days of peace.

The day began at six, that cold pre-dawn hour of an Indian day. Four of us, Colonel Peake, Major Schaffer, Adin Sultan and I managed to get a jeep and found a zig zag course through the Old City to the Ambala Road where hounds were meeting at the Pembari Bridge. Our horses, pack veterans of Guadalcanal now belonging to the Delhi QM, had been ridden on by syces long before and were waiting for us in line of perhaps fifty others.

At seven, hounds arrived and Lt. Col. Codrington, the joint master and huntsman, greeted us. The pack, about which I will write more later, consists of ten couple of mixed English and Welsh hounds. They were not an even lot but looked like business.

The first draw, a thick citrus grove behind the brick kilns near the bridge, produced a jack who gave us a good twenty minutes before he headed back into cover. He would have been stopped from doing this, if a pony stallion had not broken loose from a village barn and taken the whip's attention away from his beat. The damn pony later spied the field and caused a devil of a mess before he was caught.

The second draw, a cane brake on the opposite side of the Ambala road, also held mischief, and, before hounds were half way through it, a big jackal streaked out of the other end and took off across country in full view of the field. I managed to get away well with hounds having been invited to stay up with the whips. The country is flat, hard and cut by endless ditches. My horse, who must have some blood in him, took off well and sailed the ditches with ease but the jar on the landing end was stiff. The clear sunny days since the Monsoon had baked the untilled fields to cement and left the thin Indian crops little softer. I was surprised that we didn't go round these crops, but the prevailing sentiment seem to be that a bit of stirring up does them good. In any case the villagers get some backshish from the hunt for riding over them and seemed to enjoy watching the run as much as we did.

The jack gave us about six miles almost straight before he turned and dived into another cane brake. Hounds quickly moved him out but the sun was strong by then, and, despite the fact that he had barely a three minute lead on them out of cover, they were unable to own the line when they emerged themselves. Col. Codrington told me that the minute the dew was off the land all scent disappeared and there was no use in trying farther.

We were home by ten and back at the office at work by ten thirty.

earlier"? However, they were thankful for the two hours of good going that had been provided, and another unusual afternoon hunt was ended.  
—T. V. R.

### MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,  
Loudoun County,  
Virginia.  
Established 1906.  
Recognized 1908.



Hounds did not go out Saturday, December 16th, because of frozen ground, but Monday was a mild grey day and Mr. Sands decided to hunt with the meet at Dr. Neil's at 1 p. m. There was a southeast wind and it was difficult to hear hounds. They jumped a grey on this side of the Lime Kiln which made a short circle and went to earth. Back of the Lime Kiln they picked up another and went to Steptoe Mountain to the Wildman Farm where the fox went up a tree and down inside of it—a hollow tree.

Fred Embry, who is taken along with the Middleburg Hounds to whip and climb trees, climbed this tree, but could not reach the bottom with a stick. Hounds then were taken to the edge of the Wildman woods on Steptoe where they started a red fox and ran him to the Red Bridge on the North Fork River. There the fox crossed over the road bridge and Mr. Sands decided to go in as the ground was slick. The hunting was good, foxes plentiful, and the hounds enjoyed themselves, but due to frozen ground below a soft surface, the field could do very little following and mainly watched from hills, popping over a jump now and then.

### SEDGEFIELD HUNT

High Point,  
North Carolina.  
Established 1927.  
Recognized 1941.



Saturday, December 16, arrived cold and clear. There had been continued cold weather for some weeks, and this day was no exception. Nineteen were on hand at the Adams' farm at 9:30 and the cast was south-east of the Adams' stables. Hounds gave tongue shortly, and it seemed that a line could be worked out, as the going was rather brisk for some fifteen or twenty minutes. However, after drawing all coverts on the Adams' farm, it was still impossible to get a fox up. There were considerable areas of ground completely hard frozen with lightly thawed spots where the sun had been warming the ground for sometime. Apparently, scent could be had on the thawed spots but lost when it came to the frozen ground. In many places the going was very slick. Hounds worked faithfully for five hours in an attempt to straighten out a fox.

After leaving the Adams' farm, the Armstrong property was hunted and then across the Jamestown-Guilford College highway to the Boy Scout Camp and on through the Burgess farm to the Bundy property at Jamestown, and into some beautiful pastures for the first time. From there, coverts were drawn all the way back to the starting point with no result other than a hound opening up with the pack rushing to its call and a few moments of flurry and in a few moments silence again. It became steadily colder with a rising wind and by two o'clock in the afternoon it was clear that there

was no chance for a race during the day. The majority had plenty and with lots of walking with the bursts of speed in between when it appeared that hounds might be going away, it was not a bad day—just to be living and in the great outdoors.

Wednesday, December 20, found eight riders at the stables and the cast was southwest. For two hours and a half hounds hunted through Ward property, Suits' pastures, and woods, on to the Mills farm and then into the county road running east and west behind the Wiley farm and up this road to the east back of Wiley's, then into the Wiley pastures and over to the Groome pastures, and back into the Ward property on the south side of the county road running in front of Wiley's. It was then five-thirty and the decision had been made to return to the stables. However, Huntsman Thomas—always wanting to draw just one more covert—hit the jackpot. Old Herman, with the voice of a steamboat whistle, gave tongue in no uncertain fashion and with that the pack and the field was away. It was hard galloping—with a slight bother here and there—for an hour and a half. Then it became so dark that it was impossible to ride in the woods, so the roads surrounding the area were used for thirty minutes longer, and in the stillness of the moonlight night the hounds were giving out freely with the music that sounds best to a foxhunter's ears. However, no one had anticipated staying on and on into the night, and Huntsman Thomas finally had to call the hounds off and call it a night. Of course, everyone thought and said "Why couldn't we have jumped that fox a couple of hours

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# Editorials

## WILL FREEDOM SURVIVE VICTORY?

Another year of war has drawn to a close. Volumes of rhetoric will be written about the awful destruction of the past twelve months. Puny efforts will be made to describe the suffering of the men of the armed forces, who face death day after day, year after year, far from home and loved ones. Actually, there are no words that can adequately sum up 1944, the most critical year in American history.

The astounding thing about the home front is the fact that except for the families of service men, it lives normally and has no conception of the horrors of war. Communiques from Washington on the price of some article or some trivial item fill countless columns in the press. Social security planning, full employment and dizzy talk of a contented postwar world, with all the worries assumed by a benevolent government, arise from the American scene like haze from a swamp. Clear, unqualified thought on the subject of personal freedom, is almost totally lacking.

As the war moves on, country after country sees the spectre of oppression and government by small cliques loom larger and darker over the world. The United States is no exception to this trend. Much of our postwar planning is a crazy mixture of individual initiative and bureaucratic paternalism. The conflict between those who believe in state socialism and would have the government take over basic industries, and those who believe in the superiority of privately owned enterprise, has led to rash promises. Many on both sides apparently believe that the crux of the issue is a full stomach, with the result that a material value has been put on freedom. Each side has striven to outpromise the other until it has become rank heresy to suggest that there may at times be lean going in the future.

Millions expect government to furnish them jobs, to guarantee peacetime prices, to protect them from the insecurity of competition. They should remember that the more they ask of government, the less freedom they will have. If government ends by owning most of industry and employing most of the people as well as regulating the lives of the remainder, freedom will become a mockery.

Our people could lose everything of material value as the price of victory in this war and still have a bright future. However, let too much government destroy the freedom and hope of the individual to build again and there is no future. The right of ownership is more important than ownership itself.

# Buy War Bonds

## Irish Horse Notes

### SOME STATISTICS

By Nell C. Collins

Ireland is a small country in size. It is not quite as large as the State of Maine. If you can imagine Maine with fifty race courses, a couple of hundred racing stables and stud farms, one hundred and thirty days of permanent racing fixtures per annum with numerous and sundry hunt, point to point and flapper meetings, thousands of hunters with eighty packs of hounds, —beagles, foxhounds, staghounds and harriers —then you can form a good idea as to what the horse means to Ireland.

There is no country in the world where such a multitude of sport attractions can be enjoyed with such ease.

The attraction of real hunting, for which the country is famous, is very much enhanced by the mild climate, the varieties of obstacles and winds favourable for scent.

The horse world at large has benefited by the fact that, because of the size of the country, Irishmen must sell.

Because of the close proximity of the two island countries, England has been Ireland's biggest horse market, with the United States the second.

The Irish Thoroughbred is rated very highly in England, and at the Newmarket and Doncaster sales he is very much in demand. These renowned English horse shows are similar to the famous Royal Dublin Society Show. The best Thoroughbred blood of both countries passes through these three markets.

Some American readers, who because of the war have lost contact with Irish sales, will find interest in the following few statistics. Incidentally, as I have the lists, I will be very glad to furnish further particulars to interested persons if they drop me a line to The Chronicle. At the Dublin sales last August, buyers paid \$536,000 for 318 yearlings, the progeny of 61 Irish Sires. At the Newmarket (England) sales of the same period, 78 yearlings, the progeny of 22 Irish Sires, realized \$350,000.

The leading sires were Stardust, Coup de Lyon, Panorama, Turkham, High Highness, Khan Bahadur and Dastur. These sires went to the stud at comparatively small fees which made their progeny all the more valuable. Fees ranged from \$120 to \$240 with Turkham and Dastur's fees at \$375. In Dublin five Stardust yearlings fetched \$45,000; three of Dastur's \$25,000 and four of Panorama's \$35,000. At Newmarket one of Dastur's yearlings realized \$8,000, with three of Stardust's going for \$17,000, two of Khan Bahadur's for \$17,500, nine of Panorama's for \$85,000, and five of Coup de Lyon's for \$50,000. His was the very moderate fee of \$175. Mr. Hubert Hartigan, Irish Trainer in England, paid Col. Giles Loder of Ireland the record price of \$17,000 which is a lot of money to pay for a yearling in any man's country.

In 1927 the Aga Khan paid \$70,000 for a yearling afterwards named Aftab by the Derby winner Papyrus. Aftab could not be raced as a two-year-old. He also paid \$85,000 for a colt by Hurry On which could not be raced either.

The Aga Khan, who also gave Bahram, Mahmoud and Blenheim II to America, had Dastur, Turkhan and Stardust at the stud in Ireland. Dastur, by Solaris out of Friars Daughter, is a half-brother to the unbeaten triple crown hero Bahram. Turkhan is an Irish Derby winner and Stardust has been a good stake winner. His Highness is by Hyperion out of Mote Rancee, by Spion Kop. Khan Bahadur is by Blenheim II out of Mah Mahal, and is a half-brother to Mahmoud. Panorama, son of Sir Cosmo has Orby blood and his progeny have been "showing their heels" to big fields throughout the British Isles.

These are just a few of the many Irish sires taken at random.

After five years of partial inactivity, due to war, these facts and figures have given tremendous incentive to the crestfallen Irish breeder. During three of these five years he has had to keep his yearlings and two-year-olds at home.

This factor of course made for big fields and keen competition in the home ground, but the Irish breeder is not satisfied unless he sees his brilliant youngsters making racing history in fields afar.

The American market for Irish horses has been non est since November 1941, when a star-studded contingent arrived in the States from Ireland. These youngsters were headed by no less a notable than the record breaking Rounders. He had for company, among several others, a Bahram foal out of the mare, Gwyniad, Sir Thomas Dixon's crack three-year-old filly Uvira and a couple of colts by such cracker-jack sires as Hyperion and Fairway. Another factor which has helped to stimulate optimism in the future of the Irish breeder is the fact that the English National Hunt Committee has petitioned the British Government for a resumption of Steeplechasing in England for January and February next. There has been no jumping races there since 1942. Heretofore a big percentage of English jumpers have been Irish-bred, and the much depleted English stables will need stocking up. Everything in the Irish paddocks would be rosy now if the Government of Eire came across and inaugurated a National Stud.

Yes—Ireland is a small country in area, but it is an enormous country to the extent of its sporting facilities, its beauty, with its verdant fields dotted with grey old Norman castles and ivy-covered ancient churches in ruins—silent reminders of the barbaric middle ages when the sword meant more to man than the hunting crop. The hunt is moving off over those verdant fields set off against a grey landscape of limestone hills nesting against the purple heathered mountains whose peaks are covered with clouds. All is serene save for the bark of the hounds and the sound of the horn and the calls of the huntsmen. A brilliant noonday sun is dancing on the silver lakes and sparkling off the equestrian trappings, and there is tranquil joy in the heart of the Irish huntsman.



## The Pennsylvania Horseman

By J. Robert McCullough

In the last issue of The Chronicle we made some comments on the government's orders to close all race tracks. In the course of the discussion we mentioned that England has carried on both racing and breeding with not only the blessing but the aid of the government. Pondering upon this single fact gives rise to a great number of thoughts in an endeavor to explain it. In England, and Ireland as well, racing is a sport "Of the people".

From one aspect this may not seem the case since a list of stakes winning owners reads more like a roll call in the House of Lords and is notable for its lack of one and two horse stable owners, which in itself accounts in no small way for the British attitude toward racing as we shall see later. But at the same time the average Britisher takes great civic pride in the accomplishments of the English Thoroughbred because he is informed and interested in what goes on. The race meetings there are more like enlarged editions of our Hunt Meetings being run over irregular turf courses with grandstands and pavilions only for the gentry while the rank and file roam over the countryside seeking a vantage point from which to watch the race. Rather than the mass production machines to handle the betting used in this country, subsidized book-makers hold forth on the green to add to the local color. The effect that all of this has on the average race goer is best understood by comparing the sweltering mob in the betting area at a "Big time" race track with the friendly countryside atmosphere of an American Hunt Meeting. While we do not wish to be interpreted as favoring the return of Book-makers to the American racing scene or the banishment of the high speed skinned tracks there is a challenge to American ingenuity to remove the coldness of dollars and cents "Big-business" from racing and still preserve its efficiency and incentive to our horsemen.

Another very shrewd enterprize on the part of the English Lords of the turf is the giving of a "Stake" in the country's most colorful race,

The Epsom Derby to the average Johnny Bull. The race run on public property at Epsom Downs belongs to the English citizenry and no Englishman can be charged for admission to the grounds. The net result is the obvious, thousands upon thousands flock to Epsom on Derby day. It is a gay holiday for all complete with basket lunch et al. Only a percentage of those present can get to see the race but that seems to make little difference and many a London "Clark" will brag, "Awi was at Epsom when Blue Peter won the Darby in thirty-noin". How grand a thing it would be for the gates to be thrown open to the public for such American fixtures as The Belmont takes, The American Derby or the Santa Anita Handicap.

We mentioned earlier that the ruling class are the largest owners of top stables in England. It is true that untitled names have won the greatest classics of the English turf but it is also true that men of high capacity in the government, up to the King himself, campaign top-notch stables and it is notable that of the 160 renewals of the Derby up to and including the 1939 edition, 91 of them were carried off by titled heads with the various Princes of Wales accounting for three of them and King Edward himself winning with *Minoru* in 1909. Realizing then that racing is the hobby of Britain's ruling class it is easily understood why racing has the blessing and the support of the British government. In contrast; only a few days ago we read an article wherein the author pointed with pride to the fact that an American President has not been seen at a race track since Andrew Jackson's administration. Shall we assume then that the British are a less moral people than the Americans. We would not recommend such a statement in either house of Parliament.

In the last several years we have had in this country an up and coming organization, The Thoroughbred Racing Association. Into the hands of this body falls this important job of giving racing a face lifting, to make it a sport run on a sound business basis rather than a business

alone. Americans must be educated to the true values of the sport instead of relying on the old saw "Improvement of the breed" which only a few of us comprehend. Under an honest campaign along these lines, most of racing's enemies will become its friends and men in high office need no longer be afraid of the censorship of their constituents and will no longer be forced to race under "Nom du cources". When these things are accomplished racing need only keep it nose clean and while it may have to take hitches in its belt in future American emergencies it need never again face obliteration as it faces to-day.

We are happy that our plant could have been utilized by the government. We feel that our patriotic duty and full co-operation with the war effort come ahead of all else. We sincerely hope that it will not be long until war conditions will permit the resumption of the racing program which we had planned at Santa Anita.

We trust that the lovers of the sport of racing will understand our decision. We respectfully ask the co-operation of the horsemen and the public in complying with the request of the President and of the War Mobilization Director.

### Santa Anita Racing

Continued from Page One

the great inconvenience and loss suffered by the horsemen who already have many horses at the track. However, we feel that no personal considerations should be taken into account when Director Byrnes has stated that the interests of our country are jeopardized. Santa Anita has heretofore very gladly and willingly done its utmost in the war effort.

### THE CHASE

A "full cry" of hunting  
A monthly foxhunting magazine  
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Inc.

Lexington, Kentucky  
SAM WOOLDRIDGE, Editor

## NORTH WALES STUD

Warrenton



Virginia

### \*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return  
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of \*Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

### \*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by \*Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. \*Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

### HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

### \*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—\*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. \*Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. \*Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

### RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by \*Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to \*Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren  
Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

## HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOE STRING

Because of the help shortage the Davis and Jones Corporation, publishers of the illustrated booklet on equitation, mentioned above, have asked that orders for this booklet be sent directly to me.

HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOE STRING contains as much data on riding as you'll find in a costly volume; it covers everything that a Boy Scout or Girl Scout should know to secure a Merit Badge or Proficiency Badge in horsemanship. It contains data that every rider should know and use in the interests of his own safety, comfort, and kindness to animals. I have been riding since 1914, writing professionally since 1926. Before submitting HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOE STRING to publishers I checked it against the best books on the subject from England, Italy, France, Russia, and Denmark, as well as those of our own United States. You can't go wrong on the booklet. Junior and Adult will alike find it good reading—interesting—instructive.

Price: fifty cents with order. I pay the postage.

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## CANDY

By Murdo Morrison

Steamie pulled a hair comb from his vest pocket and leaning on tip-toes over Mainmast's quarters etched out a small block-like design. He achieved this effect by alternately stroking so much hair with and against the grain. This took the handling of the comb with a careful precision and more than once the readjustment of a few hairs here and a few there. Finally he had the mosaic pattern to his satisfaction, distinct and complete, neatly embossed on each glistening rump, within two or three inches of a Tattersall-checked blanket. The dusky craftsman stood back a foot or two and cocking his head appraisingly to one side admired the artistic finishing touch to an hour's leisurely strapping, softly, the while, he crooned in a monotone the lines of the hymn—*Shall We Gather At The River*.

"Ho! Steamie!", someone shouted from an adjoining box stall, "when's the next class for open jumpers?"

"I don't know anything about the classes for those kind of horses," Steamie retorted, "I know nothing about them—any more. I've only got model horses; nice lines, graceful," he said, slowly hanging on the words, "There're like pretty girls, Lofty, worth looking at."

Before any answer could be made to Steamie's aesthetic observation he swiftly pocketed the comb and stepping back, without rustling a straw, shouted—"Hey! come in here."

The urgency of his voice immediately brought Lofty to the box stall door where Steamie was, by now, standing with a finger pointed to-

wards his delicate handiwork. The visitor stuck his chin forward and staring in wonderment at the odd embellishment exclaimed — "Say! How did that get on there?"

"Breeding," said Steamie in a tone of finality.

"Them open jumpers you've got are so flighty and twitchy they'd shake off that kind of lacework and no wonder, they're always looking for someone to come along before a class and itch up their joints with a swab of turpentine and a curry comb. I had to do it, too, when Mr. Jo. rode open jumpers. Yes, indeed, we always used to be bumping them with bamboo poles or sharpening them up with nails on the bars. They need it though, once in a while, if you want to stay in the ribbons."

"As long as I remember, Mr. Jo. had only one horse that never needed punishment to make him jump high. He named him *Ten Below*. Yes, *Ten Below* because he was kind of chilly to sit on. The scoundrel went so slow and so high over his fences you could see his frog and count the nails in his fore shoes."

While Steamie aired these candid expressions three casual strollers had stopped in at Mainmast's stall. Each seemed puzzled and fascinated by the decoration on the horse's quarters. They had no idea by what manner or means the parquet blocks had taken shape but to a man who could remove splints in a puff of foam and put braids on a roached mare or dice a seven by a whispered injunction, the hair manipulation must be just another cunning accomplishment. They believed it was one more case where the secret was in a bottle that had no label.

Steamie raised his voice above

the chatter: "You want to hear the story of *Ten Below*, eh?"

Loud chorus of "No!"

"All right," Steamie replied, "that settles it. You're going to hear it and if you all listen maybe you'll catch on how to win a class—a pair class."

"You understand—Mr. Jo. used to be crazy about open jumpers. He was so crazy about them he got himself all broke up trying to make them climb higher than they could go. Now, if a horse can't clear five feet how in thunderation can he go clean over six feet? He never thought of that, just kept on being foolish about them, and even if they jumped a fence with a foot to spare he wasn't satisfied. If they climbed six feet and were game enough he'd try them at seven."

"One day he hung a blanket on a barbed wire fence and put a fussy mare—*Seamstress* at it. That was the pay-off as far as Mr. Jo. was concerned. She hit the wire, got tangled up in the blanket, rolled over and just took her time loitering on Mr. Jo. You know where they took him? The hospital, where the Sisters of Mercy said his prayers for five weeks. He broke an arm and a leg and was branded with shoe marks and for a long, long time he was touched a little in the head. That's why he looks at me kind of queer if I don't give him the right answers."

"Steamie," a voice piped up, "he looks at you kind of funny when you hand him the swindle sheet—a pennyworth of whipcord one dime, a dime's worth of braiding wool, fifty cents. That's what you mean." Steamie rolled his eyes menacing-

ly towards Lofty. "Remember, Smokey, Riches profit not in the day of wrath."

Lofty, fearing the onus of further reproof from the Gospels, shifted uneasily from one foot to another and, dropping an abject lip, made no answer.

"Well", Steamie went on, "you know old lady Chyle was a widow and was getting awfully scared that she might lose her best son in the jumping business so what does she do when he is laying there in bed, with a leg in the air and an arm in cement, but ask his consent to be rid of *Ten Below* and *Seamstress*."

Continued on Page Eighteen

1945

## Montpelier STALLIONS

ANNAPOLIS

Br. h., 1926

by Man o'War—Panoply  
Private Contract

BATTLESHIP

Ch. h., 1927

by Man o'War—\*Quarantine

Fee: \$600

Apply

Wm. J. Lucas

Montpelier Station, Virginia

## Standing 1945 Season At ELLERSLIE FARM Charlottesville, Virginia

### \*Princequillo

(Property of Prince Dimitri Djordjadze)

\$250 RETURN

\*Princequillo...  
Bay, 1940

Prince Rose.....	Rose Prince.....	*Prince Palatine Eglantine
	Indolence.....	Gay Crusader Barrier
	Papyrus.....	Tracery Miss Matty
Cosquilla.....	Quick Thought.....	White Eagle Mindful

\*Princequillo Won at 5½ Furlongs—\*Princequillo Won at 2 Miles—  
He Won in New Track Record Time—He Won \$96,550

His Female Line Is One of Winners and Producers of Stakes Winners—His Sire Was Leading Sire Abroad

\*PRINCEQUILLO, winner of \$96,550 at 2, 3, and 4, won at 5½ furlongs and on up to two miles.

His victories included the Saratoga Handicap (beating Bolingbroke and Shut Out and covering the 1½ miles in 2:01 4/5), the Saratoga Cup (setting new track record of 2:58 3/5 for 1½ miles, beating Bolingbroke and Dark Discovery), the Jockey Club Gold Cup (beating Fairy Manhurst, Bolingbroke), the Questionnaire Handicap (carrying top weight and equaling track record for 1½ miles, beating Lord Calvert, Trans-former, etc.), the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap (going 1 3/16 miles in 1:56 1/5 with top weight to beat Ramillies, Wait A Bit, etc.).

In the Whitney Stakes this season he was beaten one-half length by Devil Diver at level weights. Thus, the Whitney Stakes became his "hard luck" race since he lost the 1943 running of this event by a nose to Bolingbroke.

\*PRINCEQUILLO started his racing career at Saratoga where at 2 he won at 5½ and at 6 furlongs to begin a season in which he was unplaced only twice in 10 starts.

\*PRINCEQUILLO is a son of English-bred Prince Rose, an outstanding racer in Belgium and France and leading sire in 1938. In Belgium, Prince Rose won four of seven starts at two, all of seven starts at three. At four he was undefeated in five starts, climaxing and ending his career in France in the Prix du President de la Republique.

\*PRINCEQUILLO'S dam, Cosquilla, won seven races in France, including Prix de Chantilly. His second dam, Quick Thought, was a winner and producer of six winners, including four stakes winners. The third dam, Mindful, unplaced, produced five winners.

Applications To Be Made To

**A. B. HANCOCK**

PHONE 393

PARIS, KY.

## ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

FLARES.....  
Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Galahad III
	Marguerite
Flambino.....	*Wrack
	*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races. His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,850 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tantee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

TINTAGEL.....  
Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III.....	*Teddy
	Plucky Liege
Heloise.....	Friar Rock
	*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tinted Chick, Tell Me More, White Sea, and Eric Knight. Of 16 foals in his second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Ambie Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindell, Tintit, Darby Doc, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL'S winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal, (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$50,940 in first monies only.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945.

We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit

No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease

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CLAIBORNE STUD

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY



BETWEEN THE FLAGS IN 1944



ROUGE DRAGON (Morgan Photo)



(Morgan Photo)  
ROUGE DRAGON, KNIGHT'S QUEST and  
OSSABAW.



ROYAL ARCHER (Pimlico Photo)



\*BURMA ROAD (Morgan Photo)



ELKRIDGE (Morgan Photo)



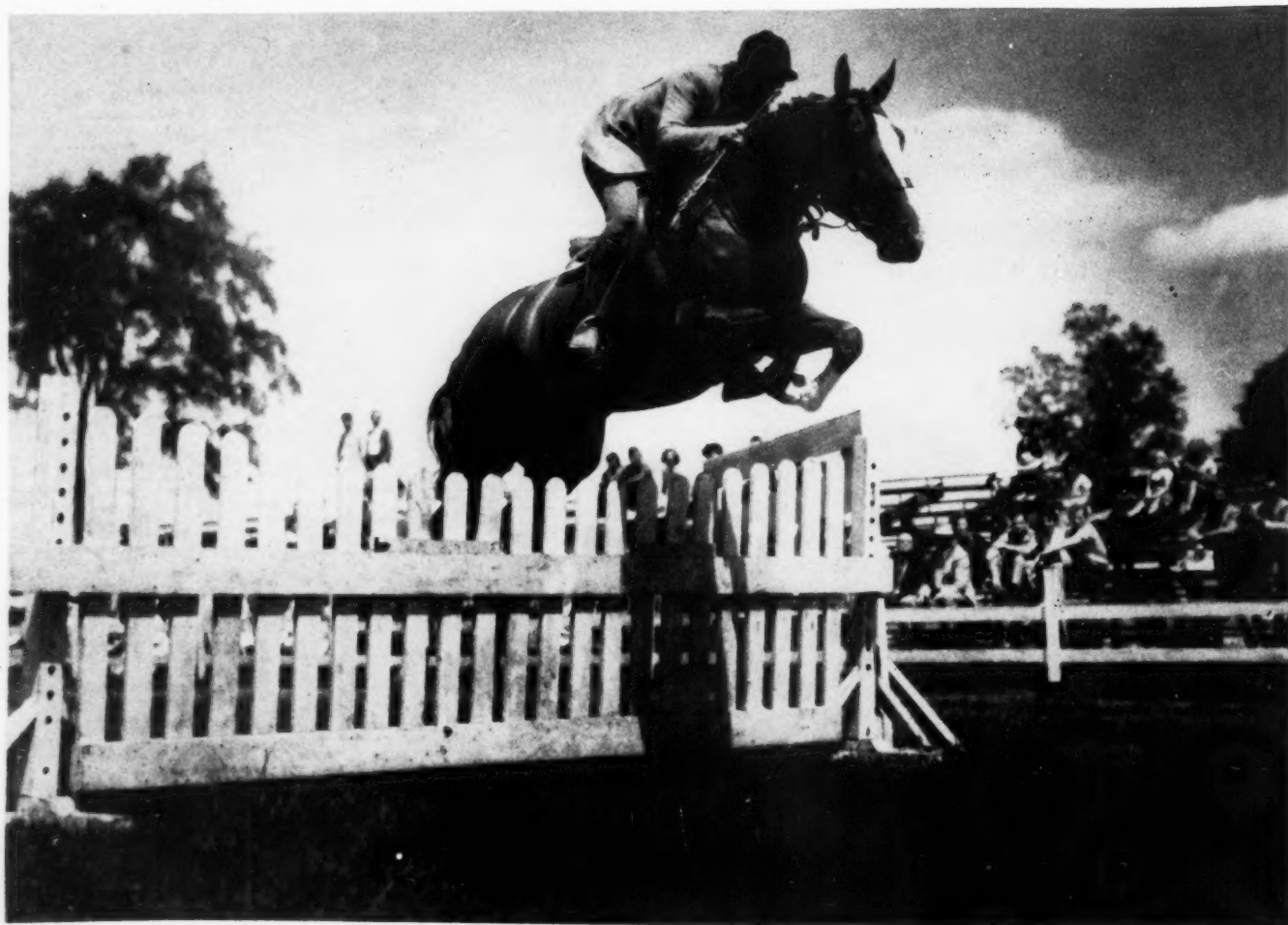
BILL COFFMAN (Morgan Photo)

## FIRST ANNUAL CHICAGO HORSE SHOW



(Photo Courtesy Chicago Daily News Photo)

Champion of the hunter division at the Chicago horse show was Donald Sutherland III's NORWOOD, ridden by Joan Jaffer. NORWOOD garnered the \$2,000 champion stake ahead of C. G. Speidel's SANTOY.



Winner of 2 blues, a 2nd, 4th and 5th (the last ribbon in the \$2,000 champion jumper stake), was Martha Jayne of Elgin, Illinois riding HILEAHA, owned by Si Jayne. She was also busy showing OUR DAY and JUST SO.



## Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

### Limmell Stones Are Still Found Over Doorways Of Some Stables

Even in these enlightened days it is not unusual to find every "vent-hole" in stables blocked up with hay or straw, and the air so charged with heat and ammonia that it takes your breath away on entering in a morning. The idea still lingers amongst farm horsemen—real horse-lovers—that it not only adds to the comfort of the animals under their charge to "keep t'awd oot", but that this also produces a glossy coat. There may, in addition, be some thought for personal comfort, for by the light of a hurricane-lamp, many a stable in the winter months becomes a recreation room-cum gaming-house for the lads on the farm, and maybe, those from neighbouring holdings, who "draw up" to play "merrills" on the board cut on the lid of the corn-bin; or to use it as a card-table.

There is greater freedom in the stable than in the farm-kitchen, and there is tradition behind stable or saddle-room becoming the evening club of horsemen and grooms. There are stables yet, over the doorways of which you may find "limmell-stones",—apparently any stone found with a hole through it is efficacious—and "rowantree" sprigs hung over the doorway to prevent the entry of witches. Most stables, and some cow-houses too, have a horse-shoe nailed on the door, or hung over it, although I don't suppose that today anyone believes, as many did in my boyhood, that witches ride the horses on their midnight excursions, and milked the cows on their return. I can recall the time when old farmers, who found horses sweating at their "lisks" in a morning, were convinced they had been "witch-riden", during the night. Actually the cause was the stuffy, stinking stables. They, and their waggoners, would have none but whip-stocks made of rowan-tree, (also called "wickenwood"), i. e. mountain-ash. This, they firmly believed, would ensure safe passage for themselves and their teams, over haunted or witch-held bridges, and past the meeting-place of four roads, at which had been buried the bodies of suicides with a stake driven through their chests.

It is not so long since those who sold farm requisites at fairs and market-towns in Ean Yorks, called out "rowantree whips" (or "gads"), to prospective customers, but I am told that there are now rarely any questions asked as to the wood of the stock, witches and ghosts having lost their terror to the present generation.

A country vicar recalls an old woman telling him "Wicken-wood's t' stuff they make whip-stocks on for witches. Yah day some lads was coming w' carts, an' as seen as they comed nigh-hand a brig to' fosst draught was stopped, t' horses couldn't storr, till yan o' t' lads with a wicken-tree gad come up; then away they went. T' witch couldn't stop 'em then". The horse brasses, so popular with waggoners until quite recently, and still seen glittering in the sunshine on "boon ploughing-days", and when special journeys are made, were supposed to act as a talisman against dangers, supernatural and otherwise, met with on the road.

### Parsons Ride In Races

I have been asked by a correspondent if a north country parson ever rode in a race. There have been more than one cleric who did so. The Rev. James Allgood, who died at the age of 84 in 1910, and who was one of the old Northumbrian family, rode in hurdle races under the name of "Capt. Barlow". The late Rev. Mr. Fawkes, who died quite recently in the Bedale country, competed in point-to-point races, and a brilliant horseman, (ancestor of Com. R. T. Bower M. P. for Cleveland), at least once rode on the flat.

In the days when races were run in heats, Sir Tatton Sykes competed a horse of his own in the Hunters' Stake at Catterick, and was beaten in the first heat, chiefly because he was, for once, really tired after riding from Morpeth races, which had been held on the previous day. Having been in the saddle all through the night, he had had no sleep, and realised that he was not at his best and should not have been beaten. He approached his friend, the Rev. John Bower, and asked him to ride in the second heat, so into the famous orange jacket the vicar of Barmston got, and easily won the second and third heats. I do not know of another instance of a cleric riding in a flat race.

Even yet in the Holderness country they will show you a big drain between Dringhoe Gorse and Beverley, which Parson Bower was the only horseman out of a big field to get over. Chalon, in his well-known picture "Sir Mark Masterman and his hounds", (the original is in Com. Bower's possession), shows both Maj. R. and his brother, Parson John. The Holderness, by the way, is not without its chaplain today.

### A "Battleship" Query

The number of letters I receive from men in the forces regarding racing and hunting matters is clear evidence of the interest they retain in the Turf and chase amid all the squalor of the battle field. This week I have a query from Spr. G. M. Welch as to whether Battleship was, what he politely describes as "a full horse", when he won the Grand National in 1938, and what became of him. Battleship was the first entire to win the National since Grudon in 1901. The other stallions which have won the Liverpool jumping classic are Wanderer (1885), Freetrader (1856), Half-Caste (1859), Huntsman (1862), The Lamb (1868 and 1871), The Colonel (1869-1870), Disturbance (1873), Reugny (1874), Austerlitz (1877) & Shifnal (1878). In June following the 1938 Grand National, Battleship went to his owner's place in Virginia, U. S. A.

### Another Famous Stud

The Earl of Scarbrough, who the other day celebrated his 87th birthday, once said he was always surprised when he saw his name correctly spelled. He is the tenth earl, and succeeded to the title in 1884. For a few years he continued the once famous Tickhill Castle Stud, but there have been no yearlings sent from there to Doncaster since 1901, and little has been seen of the sky blue jacket with white stripes, once so prominent on the Turf.

A few years ago Lady Scarbrough ran a few horses, and in 1929, won the Chester Cup with First Flight, but there has been no Turf history made as in the days when the family colours (then green with white stripes), were borne to victory in the St. Leger by Tarrare. Musjid was another Tickhill bred one. No one would give the 300gs. reserve on him at Doncaster, but Sir Joseph Hawley

who had seen him in the paddocks at Lord Scarbrough's stud, agreed to take him at £200, with a £500 Derby contingency. This he could well afford to pay for such confidence had he in the son of Newminster, that he won £80,000 over Musjid's Derby victory.

### Sporting Countess Dead

We will see Beatrice, Dowager Countess of Lindsay, racing no more, for she died at her home in Fife a few days ago. The Countess was a good supporter of north country jumping meetings, and a few years before the outbreak of the war was very keen and knowledgeable. Indeed, her succession of trainers and jockeys sometimes wished she knew less and had more confidence in their experience. Truth to tell, the Countess was not easy either to train or ride for, and her running commentary on races in which she had runners, was often decidedly caustic. Nevertheless, her enthusiasm atoned for much, and she was a good friend to the little National Hunt fixtures. She reminded us of another lady with a Scottish title—the Duchess of Montrose—to whom one of her many trainers (Alec Taylor), once made a witty reply. The Duchess rushed off the stands after one of her horses had won a good race, and said, "What a wonderful trainer you are, Taylor." "Yes!", replied Alec, "When I win!" Lady Lindsay, of course, was not Scotch, but one of the Yorkshire Shaw family.

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Saturday, 6, The Kennels  
Tuesday, 9, Mr. Goodman's  
Thursday, 11, Mr. LeBlond's  
Saturday, 13, Emery's South Gate  
Tuesday, 16, Mr. Stephenson's  
Thursday, 18, Camargo Stables  
Saturday, 20, Mr. Atkins'  
Tuesday, 23, The Kennels  
Thursday, 25, Mr. Vanderbilt's  
Saturday, 27, Mr. Emery's Stables  
Tuesday, 30, Mr. H. LeBlond's  
Leonard S. Smith, Jr., and O. De-gray Vanderbilt, Jr., Joint Masters.

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Red Bank, New Jersey

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Ches., 1934  
JACK HIGH—ALICE FOSTER,  
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COCKED HAT—UPTURN, by UPSET

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All mares to be accompanied by veterinarian's certificate stating they are free from infection. No responsibility accepted for accident or disease.

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Middleburg, Virginia

### SEA MARRIAGE

(Property of Tall Tree Stable)

BAY HORSE, 1940—	Granville	Gallant Fox	*Sir Gallahad III Marguerite
		Gravlia	*Sarmatian Gravitate
	Port Weather	The Porter	Sweep Ballet Girl
		Weather Love	Colin In The Sun

Considered one of the best looking horses on the track. SEA MARRIAGE started 21 times as a 2-year-old. Six times 1st—six times 2nd and three times 3rd. PORT WEATHER is the dam of the winners NOEL H., PERSONAGE, PORT WALES, WEATHERITE, SEA MARRIAGE and RIVER PORT.

### GALWAY

(Property of Dr. Lewis H. Krashkin)

BAY HORSE, 1938—	*Sir Gallahad III	*Teddy	Ajax Rondeau
		Plucky Liege	Spearmint Concertina
	Silver Lane	Jim Gaffney	*Golden Garter Miss Maxim
		*Medora	*Rabelais Mediant

SILVER LANE, stake winner, dam of 9 winners, including 2 stake winners.

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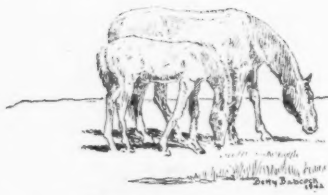
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BENTON FARMS STUD

Middleburg, Virginia

Phone: Middleburg 3

# Horsemen's News-



## Genesee Valley Notes

By Jerold B. Foland

James D. McKinnon is putting emphasis on quality horses at his Kinwold Stables in Elmira, New York. In addition to the renowned Pappy, the stable offers such good ones as Red Ransome, and the 3-year-old Thoroughbred hunter prospect, Legendale.

Mr. McKinnon is fortunate in having Bates Davidson as stable manager at Kinwold. We have known Bates a good many years as a competent horseman and skillful conditioner. He was released last summer from the armed forces after a hitch with the mounted Coast Guard Patrol and went to Elmira in the early fall.

Kinwold Stables recently acquired the chestnut Legendale from Leo Davin of Avon, the breeder of the colt. The youngster, champion of his age division at the 1944 Valley Breeders' Association Fall Show, is an eye-filling colt standing 16.3. He is by \*Rosedale II, the Jockey Club stallion which made several seasons at the Davin Farm, and is out of the mare My Fairy.

Red Ransome was sold recently by Mr. McKinnon to Mr. Vernon G. Cardy, Vice-President and General Manager of the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, Quebec, and the chestnut 5-year-old is now in Canada.

Red Ransome was bred by Maxwell Glover of Genesee and is by the Belmont Stakes winner, Hurryoff, out of the splendid mare, Prunelle. Red Ransome was a champion yearling at Avon in 1940, Grand Champion of the show in 1941, and champion 3-year-old in 1942.

Maxwell Glover has long been prominently associated with hunter breeding in the Genesee Valley. He has been custodian of a Jockey Club stallion for several years and Sailor King, his present charge, has won the stud class at the Fall Show for the past three years. Such good colts as Elzore, Surrogate, No Hurry and Red Ransome were foaled in his red barns on the Avon Road.

Mr. Glover has always accentuated the distaff side in his horse breeding operations, and much of his success has undoubtedly been due to such excellent and consistent producers as Prunelle, dam of winners of eight championships. He has pursued the policy of breeding to whatever stallion the Breeding Bureau of the Jockey Club might see fit to quarter with him, and thus far it has paid off. Like the flourishing Belair Stud, Max believes that "the success of a stud hinges on the quality of its matrons."

At the present writing he has a likely juvenile in his substantial grey filly by Sailor King out of the Half-bred grey mare, Sultana. Sultana came through the Breeding Bureau from Mr. Glen Folger of Poughkeepsie where she had been hunted with the Rombout Hounds. At Avon in September the filly was the winner of the class for foals, dams not Thoroughbred, and Sultana earned the blue in the class for broodmare win-

ners.

Mr. Glover has the good Thoroughbred Miss Wheeler back to round out his broodmare band. Miss Wheeler is a classy chestnut daughter of Longue Tongue, a Jockey Club stallion which stood in the Valley several seasons ago.

In addition to the above mentioned horses, there is a young hunter in the Glover barn which is not a home-bred. This fellow is a 6-year-old chestnut gelding by Mr. William Ziegler's Espino out of a Golden Broom mare, Oro. The horse has had two seasons of hunting with the Genesee Valley Hounds. He was a 2-year-old champion at the Upperville Colt and Horse Show and was one of the last to leave the barn of Mr. H. V. Colt at the time that famous sales stable was dispersed.

Abidale, the 2-year-old Valley-bred son of \*Rosedale II—Abitibi, won another steeplechase. This time it was the Meadow Woods hurdles at the Montpelier meeting. The gelding was slow to come to hand, but now that he has the winning habit he may be heard from more frequently in the future.

Tack room conversation in the Valley revolves around the effect the proposed ban on Thoroughbred racing will have on hunter breeding here, and the horse business in general.

Horsemen, although displaying an inexorable mistrust of each other which is proclaimed on all sides by unceasing bickerings and continuous strife, are nevertheless a closely knit band, the members of which will hasten straightway to one another's aid when attacked by an external foe.

It appears highly likely that racing is playing the role of the fall guy. Things are apparently not going so well on the home production front and Mr. Byrnes finds it expedient to pin the blame on something, so racing assumes the villain's character.

The most marked "evils" ascribed to the sport are gambling, absenteeism, mis-use of man power, and the excessive and needless of transportation facilities and newspaper stock.

With the possible exception of the express cars and newsprint, the above charges could be levelled equally as well at other sports, especially base ball and football.

We have occasionally visited pool rooms or "horse" rooms and we have also seen dens where baseball gambling was being conducted at a furious pace.

Baltimore one day this fall was jammed with automobiles employed in the essential war time pursuit of conveying fans to the Army-Navy football game.

The newsprint angle may be a valid one, although the government has for some time exercised a strict control over the production and use of all paper. We have always found Racing Form more stimulating though seldom as amusing as the Congressional Record.

As far as the mis-use of manpower goes, it will be a great day when the War Manpower Commission can convert the present grooms, hot walkers, trainers, ticket sellers, etc., now employed at the tracks, into efficient

industrial workers. It's not that the boys wouldn't like to cooperate, but for some reason or other, after a person spends about so much time around race horses, he just isn't good for anything else. Perhaps the jocks can replace the midgets now employed in welding the interiors of wings in the aircraft plants. But then what will we do with the midgets?

If we are going to curb absenteeism, let's close the bars in the industrial centers. Rosie can't rivet very well the next day if her head is pounding too. And sometimes after a few too many in the neighborhood pub, Rosie can't get to work at all.

We still find ourself deliberating the fact that Britain continues racing even though she has been in the current struggle two years longer than we have, and has suffered more. It is possibly due to the fact that sport and the horse means more in the life of the British citizen than they do to the average American.

We do believe that Mr. Byrnes is sincere, however, and there may be factors in the situation involving horse racing which are of a more serious nature than they appear to be on the surface. Undoubtedly the members of the sports world will be called upon to make further sacrifices.

The Jockey Club has six stallions at Lookover now and there are facilities there for more. It is possible that if the southern farms find themselves loaded with stock from the tracks, the Breeding Bureau may attempt to arrange to quarter some stallions and mares in the Genesee Valley. The right type of Thoroughbreds might well energize the hunter breeding even though they remained in the Valley a relatively short space of time. When the emergency ends and the lid is off again, these same horses could go back to racing or to the producing of race horses.

At any rate, the horsemen, like any other occupational group of patriotic Americans will go all out along with any move Washington deems necessary to bring the war to a speedy termination. It appears that the restriction may well be short lived, and it is hoped that when racing gets the green light again, the sport will resume with renewed vigor.

## Stakes Summaries

Monday, January 1

New Year's 'Cap, (1st Div.), Tropical Park, 3 & up, 1 mi. & 70 yds. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,262.50; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: Br. g. (7), by Rolls Royce—Squedonna, by \*Donnacona. Trainer: M. Buxton. Time: 1:40 4-5.

1. He Rolls, (Edgehill Stable), 114, R. Meade.
2. Signator, (Woolford Farm), 112, T. Atkinson.
3. Challenge Me, (Brolite Farm), 120, A. Schmidl.

Eleven started; also ran (order of finish): M. Marmorstein's Castleman, 122, G. Moore; W. Gulatt's First Draft, 122, R. Sisto; W. A. Coleman's Toolmaker, 118, P. Roberts; Mrs. E. D. Jacobs' Light Of Morn, 107, B. Mills; Belair Stud's Dora Dear, 116, H. Trent; W. L. Huntley's Top Reward, 108, G. L. Smith; Greentree Stable's Dustman, 126, E. Arcaro; Mayfair Stable's Bottle Imp, 110, D. Scoeca. Won driving by a neck; place same by a head; show same by 2 1/2. No scratches.

New Year's 'Cap, (2nd Div.). Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,212.50; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: B. c. (4), by Flares—\*Borgia II, by Bosworth. Trainer: J. L. Butler. Time: 1:41.

1. Skytracer, (M. B. Goff), 123, J. R. Layton.
2. Ration Scotch, (J. L. Foley), 114, J. Higley.
3. Hasteville, (G. Ring),

## Texas Notes

By Bud Burmester

In the closing days of the current year, Watt Reynolds, acting for Reynolds Brothers, Thoroughbred breeders, and cattle men, announced the outright sale of the Reynolds Brothers' Thoroughbred nursery in South Fort Worth. More than 1,260 acres were included in the transaction, and the property was sold to J. E. Foster and Son, real estate developers, who will set out a restricted residential section on the site of what was one of the finest Thoroughbred establishments in the Southwest.

No announcement as to the disposition of the Reynolds Brothers' horses, both those in training and the breeding stock was made, but it is understood they will remain at the nursery until early in 1945. Clyde Locklear, Reynolds Brothers' trainer, will remain in charge for the time being, and later will go to Goldthwaite, Texas, where he has holdings. "In view of the current situation, one of the most deplorable that has ever struck the Thoroughbred industry, I believe we are just as well out of the business now," commented Reynolds. "The offer for our place was so attractive that we could not refuse," he added.

The site of Reynolds Brothers' nursery is one of the most pleasant in and about Fort Worth, and it lends itself ideally to the plans which are in progress. Negotiations for the sale carried through several weeks, and it has been known locally that the place was sold for some time, but the actual transfer did not eventuate until December 29.

## United Hunts

Continued from Page One

\$764,231.58 was distributed and all the profits on November 6th, which were substantial, went toward this remarkable contribution to Red Cross, War Relief and seven other Charitable Organizations.

The United Hunts gave to the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club \$2,500 for the money purses at their meeting October 21st, and gave the Middleburg Hunt approximately \$600 for the trophies at their Spring Meeting. The Directors of the United Hunts are hopeful of continuing their support to Hunt Meetings in the future.

Even without any profits this year from racing, the financial position of United Hunts still remains strong and they added to their portfolio \$20,000 in U. S. Victory Bonds purchased in 1944.

At this time, 7 of their Directors and 44 Members are serving with the Armed Forces in various parts of the world.

Mr. Waring stated that the continued support of the members in the past has made it possible to help keep Hunt Race Meetings and Steeplechasing alive in this country which is very necessary during these trying times and the continuance of their membership will enable the organization to uphold its slogan, "For Sport's Sake and Better Sport."

115, D. Dodson. Ten started; also ran (order of finish): Apheim Stable's Okapi Lancer, 118, T. Atkinson; Woolford Farm's Silvestra, 115, A. Fischer; Greentree Stable's Broad Grin, 118, E. Arcaro; Bobanet Stable's Alfios, 112, S. Clark; Mrs. T. Christopher's Bel Reigh, 114, H. Pratt; A. M. Bank's Offenbach, 116, G. L. Smith; M. McCallum's Carmus, 111, D. Scoeca. Won driving by 2; place same by a neck; show same by 3. Scratched: Clansman.



# Horsemanship

By Margaret de Martelly

Speaking of horses' mouths collectively, they are rather like human thumb prints. They differ, they range in degrees of sensitivity from the proverbial "glove" to Kipling's steed with "the mouth of a bell, the heart of hell and the head of a gallows tree." Each mouth must be analyzed and bitted as lightly as is feasible. The utmost to be desired is, of course, the "snaffle mouth."

This takes me back to the June-time of a summer long ago at Fort Leavenworth. I was then enjoying the rare privilege of being instructed by Innis Palmer Swift, now a major general of cavalry with General MacArthur on Leyte Island.

All too often I was the subject of his ire and, as I look back, I can't exactly blame him. However, through the blue veil of terror that engulfed me as I did things wrong or hurt the mouth of one of his horses, there appeared stars which were words or wisdom, none of which has ever failed in the years that have ensued.

Outstanding among these gems is the following:

"The best way to keep a snaffle mouth and a sound horse is to school a bit and bridoon."

Let us consider the effect of the two most commonly used bits, the curb and the snaffle (which combination make up the bit and bridoon). The curb depresses and the snaffle elevates. Continued use of the snaffle alone allows excessive extension of the horse's head and neck. His neck muscles become set in the wrong way and he might even become a star gazer. After a few years, collection is out of the picture. If the horse is quiet, he may yet be a pleasant ride but there are many more important reasons for collecting from time to time. Collection is not merely a flippancy display of man's control over an animal. It is a suppling exercise for the horse, it is an obedience test and actually it prolongs his life and usefulness.

If the horse is allowed always to take a long stride, especially in the trot, his legs will not hold up as long as if he only extended his trot for short periods. At the trot there is normally a very rapid extension and contraction of the extensor and flexor tendons. The longer the stride and

the faster the trot, the greater is the strain on the tendons. Leg weariness results and the tendons break down the small capillaries and circulation is impaired. Splints, spavins, curbs and so on may result. A long fast stride means greater concussion. This invites laminitis, ring and side bones and other disorders.

Extension, especially at the trot, should not be indulged in for too long a stretch without periods of trotting with a shorter stride. If the horse has not been schooled to collect, he probably will not.

In order to collect, the horse must flex his jaw, flex his neck muscles in rear of the poll and depress his head slightly. This assisted by the rider's weight and leg aids produces higher hock engagement and a shorter stride, all of which is collection.

The necessary depression of the horse's head is guaranteed with the tactful and barely sufficient application of the curb. By merely ceding his hands and relieving his weight, the rider can achieve extension at any time and he can collect in the flash of a second. A horse thus schooled, is supple and well muscled, he is responsive to the aids and he is obedient. If he has a good mouth, he can be hunted in a snaffle.

A pelham bit is all right for some horses, but it is not a schooling bit. It is important when schooling a hunter to have one bit which allows extension and another which provides for collection. BOTH IN THE HORSE'S MOUTH AT THE SAME TIME. One or the other is brought into play at the flex of a finger. The horse, sufficiently bitted for schooling, will retain a soft mouth and a placid subordinate attitude longer than one whose mouth is sawed with an inadequate bit. Yet his spirit will not be broken. We assume, of course, that his is being schooled by a capable rider.

In schooling with a bit and bridoon, the horse must not be allowed to get behind the bit. Light, elastic contact must be maintained at all times with the snaffle engaging the curb only to produce desired results. This is also an excellent hacking bridle for a green horse. He may be ridden entirely on the snaffle unless he bolts or is otherwise insubordinate.

## T. R. A.

Continued from Page One

The text of the telegram to James F. Byrnes and the resolution adopted in regard to aid to the horsemen, follow:

"James F. Byrnes, Administrator Office of War Mobilization Washington, D. C.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the United States held at its office in New York City on Wednesday, December 27th, it was voted to transmit to you a copy of the following vote unanimously adopted by the Board of Directors:

"The Board of Directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the United States pledges you its support and recommends to its 33 member racing associations complete compliance with your request that all racing suspend after January 3rd, 1945."

Henry A. Parr, III, President." "Mindful of the fact that the suspension of racing has occasioned hardships to horsemen, trainers, jockeys and others associated with racing, the Board of Directors of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations of the United States has called a special meeting of the thirty-three track members of the Association on Friday, January 12, 1945, to consider and take appropriate action to assist all needing help as a result of the present racing emergency."

This brings us back to the statement that the best way to keep a snaffle mouth and a sound horse is to school in a bit and bridoon.

## The Sporting Calendar

### Horse Shows

JANUARY  
6—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Horse Show, Darien, Conn.  
18-19-20—Pittsburgh Indoor Horse Show, Hunt Armory, Kittanning Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Hunter Trials

JANUARY  
14—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Second of series of four. Sacramento, Calif.  
MARCH  
11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four. Sacramento, Calif.  
MAY  
6—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of series of four. Sacramento, Calif.

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VIRGINIA

## Rokeby Jake

Jean Valjean	*Stefan the Great	The Tetrarch
		*Perfect Peach
ROKEBY JAKE	Jeanne Bowdre	Luke McLuke
Brown, 1940		*Black Brocade
	Man o' War	Fair Play
		Mahubah
Float	*Queen of Jest	Black Jester
		Princess Dorrie

Rokeby Jake, a very fast colt, won at Pimlico spring of 1943, but soon thereafter a leg injury forced his retirement. Good appearance, winning speed and pedigree all point to success for him in the stud. The pedigree above shows the male line of speed and stud success. Rokeby Jake's dam, Float, is a daughter of Man o' War and dam of stakes winner Mandingham and other good winners. Both second and third dams are stakes winners and dams of stakes winners.

Fee \$100

Standing At

ROKEBY FARM  
UPPERVILLE, VIRGINIA

For information communicate with J. T. Skinner, Middleburg, Va., or B. F. Dishman, Rokeby Farms, Upperville, Va.

## Old Ad Gives Approximate Location Of Glencoe Stable

### THE IMPORTED STALLION GLENCOE,



**W**ILL stand next season at Mr. Thos. Flintoff's, 5½ miles below Nashville in Robertson's Bend. In conformity with the low value of blooded stock, I have reduced his terms to \$50 the season and \$1 to the Groom, to be paid in CASH, when the mare is sent, or if left in charge of Mr. Flintoff to be paid during the season, and before removal of the mare. The keep will be 75 cents per week for a month, and \$1 if for shorter time. At these rates and to such a Stallion as Glencoe, breeding blooded stock will still pay well.

Mr. Flintoff has rented Mr. James Bosley's farm adjoining his own, and is well prepared to accommodate stock, and for attention, judgment, and veterinary skill, he has no superior. Persons sending mares may be assured they will be well taken care of. All letters will be addressed to Mr. Thomas Flintoff, Nashville, Tenn.

**T. KIRKMAN**

November 23, 1843—tr&wtf

*from Nashville Whig  
Nov. 23, 1843*

**GLENCOE ESTABLISHED THROUGH VANDAL THE OLDEST AMERICAN LINE IN TAIL MALE CURRENTLY ON THE TURF. THOROUGHBREDS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD CARRY THE BLOOD OF THIS IMMORTAL FOUNDATION SIRE.**

By M. B. Frost

The above reproduction of an advertisement in the Nashville Whig of November 23, 1843, together with bronze markers showing here and there against the blue grass of Middle Tennessee, notably at Belle Meade, gives proof of the world fame that once was ours for the breeding of Thoroughbred horses.

Glencoe, who established through Vandal, buried at Belle Meade, the oldest American line in tail male currently on the turf, was kept at stud somewhere in the vicinity of Charlotte Road near Nashville.

We are continuing our research on the facts and persons mentioned in this hundred-year-old advertisement. T. Kirkman was a business associate of James Jackson, the owner of Glencoe. It is presumed that Kirkman is a member of the prominent family of that name in Tennessee.

Robertson's bend, referred to in the ad, was named for James Robertson, founder of Nashville, whose home was off Charlotte Pike near Richland Creek. The James Bosley farm covered the territory along the creek between Harding and Charlotte Roads.

Although we hope later to establish the exact location of the Flintoff stable, research has shown that he was a native of England, made 13 trips across the ocean in his dealing with Thoroughbreds, and is now buried in Compton family cemetery on the William Blackie place on Tyne Boulevard near Granny White Pike.

Mrs. Jay Newson, Trinity Lane, granddaughter of Flintoff, and Miss Westelle Alderson, descendant of Thomas Alderson, business associate of Flintoff, are responsible for the information at hand and are continuing to check family records.

Bred In England

Glencoe was bred by Lord Jersey in England and foaled in 1831. He was a beautiful golden chestnut with both hind legs white half way to the hocks, fine head, expressing great character and with thin muzzle and heavy muscular quarters.

He commenced his racing career by winning the Riddlesworth Stakes at the New Market Meet of 1834, later won The 2,000 Guineas, was third in the English Derby at Epsom with 22 starters. Later he won the Goodwood Cup, an event of two and a half miles over one of England's most beautiful courses. In 1935 he won the Ascot Gold Cup at Ascot Heath, the world's premier event for Thoroughbreds over a route of ground being two and a half miles, which closed his racing career.

James Jackson of Nashville, later of Florence, Ala., friend but no relation of Andrew Jackson, bought and imported Glencoe to Tennessee. Before leaving England for his new home, he sired the great mare, Pocahontas, placing his name imperishably upon the scroll of honor through her three great sons, Stockwell, Rataplan and King Tom, the Bendor's, the Rock Sands' and others of today are male line descendants. Colonel Vailler, in Les Croisements Rationnels, ranks Glencoe's daughter, Pocahontas, with the really great stallions of all Thoroughbred history in the matter of influence on the breed. There is scarcely a Thoroughbred today in the world that does not possess a strain of the blood of his great horse. Vandal was foaled in 1850 and another one of Glencoe's early foals in Tennessee was the great mare Peytona, a winner of the first futurity ever run (the Peyton Stakes, in Cumberland River bottoms below Jefferson Street Bridge) in

1843, recently recorded by Fred Russell in his grand book, "I'll Go Quietly." Peytona in 1845 won the great North-South match race at Long Island, New York. Then followed Le Compte, a grandson and the only horse ever to beat the great Lexington, Madeline, granddam of Iroquois Florine, granddam of Spendthrift (Man o' War—male line) and Nevada, dam of Luke Blackburn and many other fine horses. He led the American sire list for several years. Glencoe lived in Tennessee and North Alabama until 1848, was then taken to Keene Richards' place near Georgetown, Ky., where he died in 1857—it being recorded that such was his undomitable courage that he literally died on his feet, age 26. His name and fame is as enduring as time.—The Nashville Banner.

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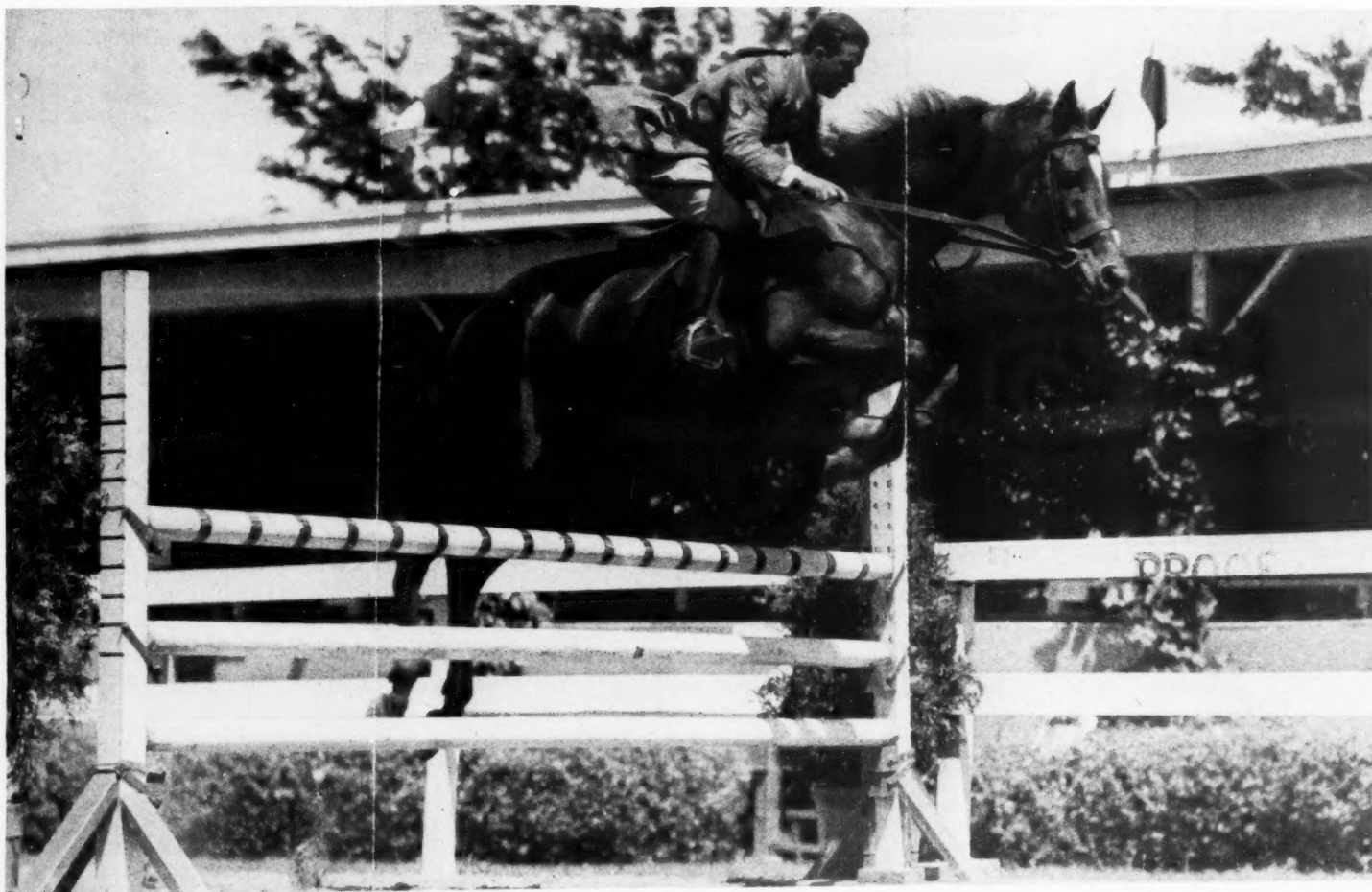


## FIRST ANNUAL CHICAGO HORSE SHOW

ier: F.J.Anderson,  
900 New York Bldg.,  
St. Paul, Minn.



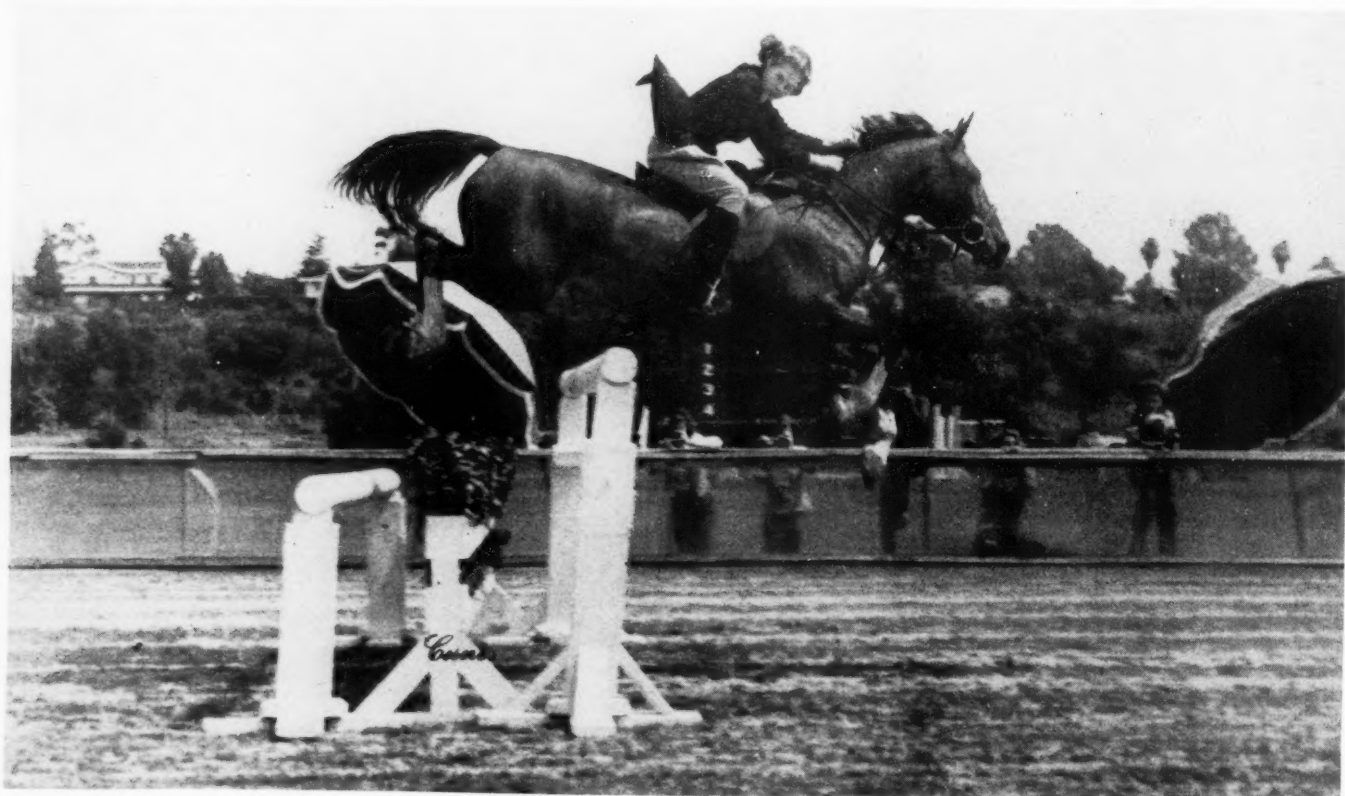
F. J. Anderson's OVER AGAIN annexed the blue in the \$2,000 champion jumper stake. OVER AGAIN also won an open jumper class, 2nd in the 5'-0" class, 3rd and 4th in the open jumper division. The name of the above rider was not stated when the picture was received.



Outstanding work was done in the hunter-jumper division by Pete Caufield and Ted Mohlman prior to the show and during the show, Mr. Mohlman was busy showing entries. One of his ribbons was a 2nd on SANTOY in the \$2,000 champion hunter stake. He is pictured above on BEOWULF.

## JUNIOR FROM CALIFORNIA

(Photo by Cosner)



Ann Campbell riding her very promising jumper MYSTERY MAN. Ann, during the past year, has developed into one of the Coast's outstanding jumping riders.

## THE GLOVER COMBINATION

(Photo Courtesy Jerold Foland)



Bob Glover, accomplished young horseman and junior partner in the hunter breeding combination of Maxwell Glover and Son, Geneseo, New York. Bob is a skilled rider of show jumpers and is also at home on a steeplechaser or polo pony. This picture, taken at a summer show, shows the younger Glover aboard FROSTY MORN, a roan mare by BRUMADO.

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## An Interlude

Continued from Page Two

Evans. "You'll see there types of hounds from all over Wales—some much rougher than these—and more uneven in conformation; but they do work. I can assure you of that. Now—as to the fishing.

"We ought to get the best rise about nine o'clock tonight; so, if you will come and have a scratch dinner with us, after half past seven, we could manage to get on the river half an hour before that time, and get the best of the fun, which will be over by ten o'clock."

They dined that night with the Master and Mrs. Evans in a most fascinating old-world farm house, quite simple, but beautifully panell'd inside, that was situated near the river which ran through the meadows scarcely two hundred yards from the lawn, and afterwards they put in almost two hours, trying to persuade the wily brown trout, which one finds in the Usk, to take a fly. At first there was hardly a rise, and then, a little after nine,—just as Evans had predicted,—the fish began to rise, almost as if on schedule. Most of them were about half-pound fish; but Alice hooked a very good one, which fought well in the swift water, and was one of the best—so Evans told her—that he had seen caught in that part of the river during the year, which had not been a very good one for fishing. Be that as it may, it was a rattling good evening's sport, and they both enjoyed it thoroughly; finally getting back to the hotel a little after eleven.

The next morning, they proceeded on their way toward Carmarthen, through various towns with very queerly-spelt names, like Llandovry and Llandrillo, and finally turning off the Carmarthen road at a little town with an unpronounceable name, into the hills on the right. For the last ten miles they had been motor-ing up the valley of the River Towy, a peaceful stream meandering through lovely meadows, toward the sea. It had been raining in the district the week before, and the country was very green and beautiful, with the Welsh hills towering above the valley to the West. After they had gone up the mountain road for about six miles, Meredith stopped the car before a little Inn beside the road, on which a sign hung stating that this was "The Forest Arms—By Joseph Sivell". He turned to his wife.

"This is our final stopping place, Dear," he said. "You wanted to know where we were going; well—this is it." As he spoke, the land-lord, Joe Sivell, came out of the front door—"How are you, Mr. Meredith?" he said. "I've been expecting you this half-hour; did you have a good trip up?"

"We did, thank you," said Meredith. "We left Brecon about ten o'clock and figured that we'd be here in time for lunch. This is Mrs. Meredith, Sivell. I've told her a lot about your wonderful cooking up here, so you've got a reputation to uphold."

"I'm very glad to see ye here, Ma'am," the old man said. "Mr. Meredith has been coming up pretty regular for the last two years; and been going fishing all alone day after day. I've been thinking it's about time he had some company," he added smiling. "I've got a nice room all ready for ye, and lunch will be on the table in a few minutes.

Don't bother about the luggage; the boys'll get that off."

Alice found the Inn very simple, but neat and clean as a new pin. "What a nice place," she said. "How-ever did you find it, Jack? And what a dear old Sivell is!"

"Spence-Colby told me about it, Alice, four or five years ago. Sivell was at one time butler to a Mr. Phillips, who owned half the coun-try around here in the old days, be-fore the gentry were ruined by taxa-tion, after the last War. He and his boys—there are three of them—run this Inn and the two farms which adjoin it, and I guess they make a very nice living out of it. He's got two beats on the Cothi, the river which runs near here; so that he controls about the best fishing here-about. There are salmon and sea-trout—they call them 'Sewen' in Wales—and a few brown trout, in the river; but they are a sophisticat-ed lot and they take a bit of catch-ing; as I have found out to my sor-row. But, after all, Dear, it doesn't really matter whether we catch fish or not, does it? It's a most lovely quiet spot and there's no one to both-er you. You can fish or not—just as you like—and, if we have luck, we might run on to a meet of the Otter Hounds. I've never seen them up here, but Sivell tells me that they sometimes come."

"Well, it sounds a perfect place," said Alice, "and it certainly looks so. Let's go down and see what he's got for luncheon." They found the table laid for two, in the cosy dining-room, which was hung with fox and otter masks, and with portraits of old Welsh Masters of Hounds, who had been the guests of the old Inn in days gone by, when hounds had met there. Lunch was served by Bert Sivell, the eldest son, and cooked partly by Sivell himself and partly by an old niece of his. It wasn't pre-tentious, but it was nicely served, and nothing could have made the freshly-caught sea-trout anything but delicious.

About three o'clock, Kim,—the youngest of Sivell's three boys—took them down to the river, about a mile away, to get a look at the water, where they hoped to get some fishing during their stay. It was a very swift river and looked a bit "heavy" and fast for wading; but Kim assured them that it was full of fish—which was, after all, what they wanted—and they decided to start serious operations the first thing the next morning. Late that afternoon, after Tea, they wandered up a foot-path back of the Inn, and finding that it led up into the hills, they walked on and on until they reached the summit of the ridge—more than a mile away. From here, there was a lovely view to the North, where the little town of Carmarthen lay in the valley some ten miles away. Alice turned to her husband.

"It's very like New England, isn't it, Dear?" she said. "Like the hilly country to the North of Box-ford, in Essex County—but I forgot, Dear,—you don't know Essex Coun-ty as I do. I was born there and lived there all the first part of my life. It's not a good hunting country, but I love it, none the less. These little white farmhouses one sees here, remind me somehow of New Eng-land. They're all so neat and well-kept; not like the great sprawling ranches that one finds in the West, nor yet like the tumble-down farms in some parts of the South."

Presently they walked back again

and sat on the bench in front of the Inn, and listened to the clink of glasses inside the bar, where Joe Sivell was serving his customers. Brechfa is not a large village—just a straggling row of cottages along the road which leads up into the mountains, where the Cothi River has its source, 1500 feet above sea-level. The little church lies just across the road from the Inn and the next morning, being Sunday, the travellers heard the lovely Welsh hymns which were wailed across the road. Unlike Scotland, there is no feeling against fishing on Sunday in Wales, and it was Sivell himself who suggested that they might like to have Kim go down with them to the river and show them the likli-est places in which to fish. They ac-quiesced gladly, and so—taking some lunch with them, they set forth. It had rained a good deal in the night and the river was swollen, and a bit muddy as well. They fish-ed all the afternoon, till six o'clock at night; but, although they tried every sort of a fly, they only caught only a few small trout—"breakfast size"—old Sivell called them.—It was somewhat disappointing, but the river was so beautiful, rushing down through the hills, and the scenery so wonderful, that it didn't make any real difference to either of them. It is quite impossible to de-scribe the charm of the river,—the Cothi—which has its source in Graig Twrch, some 1500 feet above sea level. It rises on a plateau a few miles East of Pont Llanio and Tre-garon, and nine miles down it is joined on its right bank by the Man-coed. Three miles further on, the Twrch, which rises under Craig Twrch, close by the source of the Cothi, comes in on the left, and so on down to Brechfa, where, aug-mented by the little streams that come in from both sides, it has be-come quite a river when it finally joins the Towy, a little distance be-yond Nantgaredig. It is not a big stream, but the water is very fast, and when in spate, it is almost im-possible to wade.

It had been a lowery day on Sun-day, but on Monday morning the sun came out, and the green hills which towered above the river stood out in all their glory. One could see the sheep grazing on the upland pastures far above, and the little white farmsteads nestling in the val-ley near the river. A long talk with old Sivell the night before convinced the Merediths that fly-fishing, under the existing conditioins of water, was no good; and so, in the afternoon they put their pride in their pockets and went after the sewen with bait. The result was most satisfactory, for between them they brought in five nice fish—two of them weighing

over three pounds. How they fought, those sewen of the Welsh river!

On the fifth day, Sivell suggested that they go to his lower beat and try for a salmon, and they were just making their plans, when the maid came in from the bar to say that Jack was wanted on the telephone.

"I wonder who that can be," he said, turning to his wife, "it must be Dick. No one else knows we're up here—I'll go and see." In about ten minutes he came back, I looking very serious.

"What is it, Dear?" Alice asked. "You look worried."

"It is serious, little girl," he an-swered, "My uncle Herbert is dead; he died last night. That was Henry Lincoln, telephoning from Aldershot, where he and Mr. West and Dick were watching the Hound Show. It was old Bob who told them the news. They thought I ought to know. I'm afraid we must go home, Dear," he added. "I am the old boy's sole sur-viving relative; we shall have to go down there—I shall at any rate—and settle things up. You needn't come if you don't want to; you didn't know him—though I wish you had."

Alice put her hand on him. "Of course I'll come, Dear," she said. "I'm so sorry; you were very fond of him, weren't you?" Jack nodded.

"Yes," he answered, "I was, and I was very much hurt when he didn't turn up at our wedding. Perhaps he was ill. Perhaps that was the rea-son," he added thoughtfully. "I won-der. Why wouldn't it be better," he went on, "if we caught the night train down to London from Carmarthen, and got one of these boys to run the car home from here? I'll ask Sivell. I told Henry I would meet him at Claridge's in the morn-ing. You've got enough Town cloth-es, Dear, haven't you? We shouldn't have to stay in London; we would go straight on down to Northesk. I'll go and find out."

Inquiries proved the correctness of his guess, and after dinner they motored down to Carmarthen and took the night train for London, after promising Sivell to return later in the year and have a day on the lower water.

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## Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

it was alleged, in which it was hampering the war effort.

This took the form of allegations which ranged all the way from preposterous to purely malignant.

One of the first hues and cries set up was the immediate necessity of prohibiting anything which, like racing, gathered together great crowds of people in the open, anywhere along the sea-coast, Atlantic or Pacific.

This because there was imminent (?) danger of these coasts being bombed by enemy air forces; and, in such an event, the terrible casualties bound to occur.

This, in the language of the street, was pure "bunk"—as all intelligent persons were at all times aware. It was, however, actually one of the reasons given by the government when all the California tracks were closed or taken over for war purposes.

Moreover, there was a period of weeks during which, it may be said, a similar fate for all the eastern tracks "hung in the balance." It was only averted by the disinclination, one supposes, of the Transportation management to make itself supremely ridiculous.

The next hubbub, was raised over the contention that immense quantities of gasoline were being diverted for the carrying of spectators to the race tracks. Also, that the railroad facilities, already overtaxed by "legitimate" traffic, were being unduly diverted to the same purpose.

The Transportation Bureau then undertook the job of keeping the public away from the tracks by making it a hardship to get to them.

It also called upon the managements to declare off their meetings and great fixed events, beginning with the Kentucky Derby, in order to give the public no excuse for going to them.

At this juncture an old-fashioned American with a stiff backbone decided that it was time to do something for the sport.

This was no less than Col. Matt Winn. Although an octogenarian, he displayed a fighting spirit eminently worthy of war-time, flatly refused to call off the Derby, staged that event—and the public turned out to attend it by the tens of thousands, despite the fact that many of them had difficulty getting out to Churchill Downs—and then away from there.

This action by the Old Roman of the Blue Grass was like injecting a charge of nitro-glycerine into the veins of a moribund enterprise—racing, which had seemed about to give up the ghost, got on its feet and went its way with a vigor not less than astonishing. The transportation authorities, with Mr. Eastman at their head, put as many obstacles in its way as they could devise or felt that the public temper would submit to. But they proved ineffective and—the rest is history.

Next, as the war got into fuller and fuller stride, the cry went up that the war effort was being "sabotaged" by the "slackers" from war work that were attending the races and not doing their jobs.

But when attempts were made to get the Government to act in the cases of the constant and indefensible strikes in the munitions plants, which were perennial and costing

millions of man-hours, directly and vitally affecting the war effort, they got nowhere except in a few hand-picked cases dramatized for special purposes.

At this time, also, the question was asked by the friends of racing why no action was taken against base-ball, foot-ball, basket-ball, and other forms of our-door sport which were being attended by vast crowds, in numerous cases much larger than those attending the races?

For instance, while the public prints were full of denunciations of the crowds at the race tracks, such things were pulled off as a foot-ball game at a famous "bowi" nearby several race tracks that had been closed and diverted to other purposes, which claimed an attendance of 80,000 persons, while it was also claimed that during the game over 30,000 motor-cars were parked about the grounds.... But no outcry whatever was raised about any hampering of the war effort.

It will be noticed, moreover, that the current clouture was declared in a sudden and precipitate manner altogether at variance with the objects ostensibly aimed at.

If done in a reasonable and economic way, it should have been promulgated weeks (or even months) in advance, in order that the great and nation-wide dislocation which it was bound to cause might be accomplished in the most economic, methodical and careful manner.

Instead, just on its eve, when no suspicion was entertained that any such thing was in the offing, the transportation facilities, about whose overstrain we were hearing so much, were being used to transport thousands of horses and men to the coming winter race meetings from points for the most part far-distant.

It is certainly an underestimate to say that at least 3,000 different Thoroughbreds were transported in this manner over long distances, together with thousands of persons, men and women, connected with and responsible for them.

That this movement alone called for the expenditure of over \$3,000,000 may be put down as certain.

But it was only the beginning; other connected expenses at once began piling up and have been ever since. All of which represent a sheer and immense economic loss—as also one entirely unnecessary, for it could have been averted by the announcement of the clouture a reasonable time in advance.

The economic wastefulness of such a procedure is enormous. While it will be aggravated, on a great scale, by the further hardship, expenditure and loss which will be entailed by the marooning, so to speak, at far-distant points, of thousands of animals and people and the difficulty they will find in getting back to their homes and re-orienting themselves.

Obviously the issuance of the clouture was no suddenly-devised measure though so suddenly announced. Self-evidently it had been decided on long in advance of its enactment. But to those who, it may correctly be said, were caught, and in a sense crushed beneath the Juggernaut, no proper advance intimation was vouchsafed, enabling them, in some small way, if no large one, to adjust themselves to the great change that was coming which would so vitally affect them.

The indifference of the Govern-

## Pleasures Of Hacking

Continued from Page One

the cock bird, alone, from distant stubble. Preening their serrate wings, a group of hens, dun like in their modest coloring, blink at the sun, or seek the wild timothy seeds, cedar berries and dried coon grapes.

We ride past a farm yard where a calf bellows and a game cock crows beneath a weeping willow, its leaves still marvelously preserved. High in the air—motionless—a hawk with watchful, measuring eye. A pair of killdeer, headed south, screaming in the air.

### Story Teller

One of my fellow riders—we call him Squire Snaffle—is a great talker. He is active as an Indian brave, and his 70 years have left him keen as a briar. He apparently remembers everything, including some old time picturesque swearing.

When he was a boy, Squire Snaffle brought home a hound which his mother objected to having around the place. Yielding to the urchin's pleading, however, she finally consented to allow the animal to remain. One day, the good lady cooked fifteen pies against an expected visit from relatives. The hound got into the pantry and ate every last pie.

Next we hear about a coon hunt. The Squire's dog chased a coon which went into a hole. Among the pursuers was a bull dog, and Bull went in after the coon. Pretty soon out came bull dog and coon, the coon with the dog by the nose. Bull flung the critter around and around, the coon's tail flying in the air and his teeth firmly in the dog's nose. It was a ludicrous sight, Mr. Coon held on until a hound came to Bull's assistance and when Bull got free, he sneezed loudly and ran off.

ment to this and many other aspects of the case which cannot in a brief article like this be more than alluded to, is not less than astounding. Especially if, as is constantly being asserted, every effort is being strained to the limit to coordinate the entire economy of the Republic so that it will work with the utmost smoothness and efficiency in the promotion of the war effort.

All told, those persons directly and vitally affected by the clouture are estimated by competent authorities at not less than 40,000.

The probability is that the real number is much higher, especially if we reckon the army of dependents they are responsible for.

When such a mass of people have their livelihood taken away from them over night—literally—and, beyond that, are left in a most difficult position, if not one practically ruinous—how are they going to respond to the next great war loan? Buy constantly more and more war bonds? Subscribe to the innumerable funds, causes, undertakings, objects and the like for which they are solicited daily—as well as meet the enormous and constantly more inflated "cost of living" that stares them in the face?

To say that all these persons can go into the munition factories or similar war-work is preposterous. Only a small fraction can be disposed of thus. Hence, any benefit that the war effort will receive from their being, in effect, turned out on the street, cannot be other than negligible.

Then we learn about alligators and how they can tell when a dog enters the water. They don't have to see or hear him, they know a dog is in the water. One man brought a pack of hounds to Florida. The animals disappeared one by one. Finally the 'gators got all the hounds.

The talk swings to wild cats, no less. Hunting them in the Mississippi flat lands. One time a group of hunters caught a cat alive and belled him. The cat almost starved to death because game, hearing the bell, ran off and all the varment's prowess went for nothing.

### Odds And Ends

Thoughts for today: "A stout heart breaks bad luck"—Cervantes. Best season: Would say October 15 to December 15 is tops for riding to hounds.

Philosopher—Hope you like Aristotle's idea of the great souled man as follows:

"Honor and Dishonor are the matters about which the high minded man is especially concerned;

He is open both in love (used in universal sense) and hate, for dissembling shows timidity;

He cares more for the truth than for what people think;

He is fond of conferring benefits but ashamed to receive them;

He does not bear grudges, for it is not a mark of greatness to remember things against people;

He is haughty toward men of position and fortune, but courteous toward those of modest station;

He does not run into danger, and is not a lover of it, but he will face it in a great cause and be ready to die;

He is not prone to admiration;

He is no gossip;

He will not cry out or ask for help;

He likes to own beautiful things and he prefers those that are useless to those that are useful, for the former better show his independence of spirit."

Was it Aristotle who said, "If there are no horses in heaven I do not care to enter?"

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## Major Philip Crowe Describes Visit To Viceroy's Stables

By Major Philip K. Crowe

New Delhi, Dec. 7—There is a section of the Viceregal stables that has a lot in common with Berkeley Square. It is a quiet island of yesterday in a midst of garages and motorized transport vehicles. No mechanics chatter in front of its old doors, no petrol tanks break the white line of its front, only a solitary sweeper dozes on its porches. It is in fact a coach house.

I pushed open a door and entered to be greeted by a very old and very straight Indian. He saluted and I said "salaam" and that I would like to see the coaches. Carefully, almost reverently, he showed them to me, one by one. First the great state coach that came from England in 1901. It is a Victoria with all its brass shining and the great seal of India on its doors. We passed down the line. The Viceroy's coach, the less formal coaches, the informal surreys, the box carts. Not one had been used in probably twenty years but every one could be taken out today and do its keeper proud.

Then he showed me the harness room. Row upon shining row of bits,

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## 1944 Racing

Continued From Page One

to its track and Gulfstream was again on the list. Santa Anita was scheduled to open on December 30 but the ban restricted its opening.

Detroit took the lead in purse distributions amounting to \$1,840,200 with Belmont next in line with \$1,427,043.

Looking over the records of the jockeys for 1944, T. Atkinson had a two-fold lead, riding 287 winners of \$899,101 to top the jockeys in number of winners and money won. R. Permane was next high, riding 223 winners of \$565,935. The 1943 leader, J. Longden, was 3rd, riding 160 winners of \$462,157.

Although other jockeys rode more winners, George Woolf rode more stakes winners. During the season he rode 13 winners of \$324,330.

The winners ridden during the past year did not threaten Whirlaway's lead as the world's top money winner. Now retired to stud, Whirlaway still tops the list with \$561,161.

The 3 leading money stables of 1943 finished in the same order this year. Calumet Farm broke its record of \$475,091 of 1941 to retain its lead with \$601,660. Greentree accounted for \$402,080 while John Marsch was 3rd with \$209,660. Calumet's record was made possible with 60 winners, 40 seconds and 22 thirds. The only stable with a higher number of winners was C. V. Whitney's which sent 64 winners out.

Leading the money winning horses was an unbeaten 2-year-old. Walter M. Jeffords' home-bred Case Ace—Coquelicot colt, Pavot, accomplished this feat. This was the first time since 1933 when Singing Wood headed the list that a 2-year-old has won this honor. Pavot garnered \$179,040 to lead that game 3-year-old filly, Twilight Tear, which accumulated \$167,555. Of the 10 top money winning horses out this season, 9 of them won over \$100,000. Altogether, 16 more horses joined the ranks of \$100,000 winners.

Top honors of the year went to Calumet Farm's 3-year-old daughter of Bull Lea—Lady Lark, Twilight Tear. Heading the list as the leading money winning 3-year-old, Twilight Tear climaxed that by being named the "Horse of the Year". Her performances have brought forth numerous comments as to whether she is the outstanding filly of all times and many interesting records have been brought to light as this question was argued pro and con. At any rate, she made a niche for herself in racing annals which will have recognition forever.

All of these winners add another number up for their trainer and after the final count was made, Hirsch Jacobs is back to lead the trainers in the number of winners. During the past 12 years, this makes the 11th year he had held this position and 117 winners this past season kept him in the lead. Preston Burch was next with 79 winners.

Needless to say, Ben Jones, trainer for Calumet Farm, had a long lead for training honors in purses won. The same figure, \$601,660 goes to his training credit as all of the Calumet entries were handled by him. Hirsch Jacobs was 2nd in line, sending out winners of \$306,621.

\*Bull Dog, the leading sire of 1943, went into 2nd place in 1944 as Chance Play's progeny won \$430,488 to his \$409,439.

## Steeplechasing

Continued From Page One

M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, a 6-year-old gelding by Annapolis—\*Pimento II, by Pommern, bred by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott. Rouge Dragon won purses totalling \$39,795 while carrying highweights of 157 pounds or more and defeating at least once during the season other contenders for the honor. He won the following stakes at the major tracks: Jervis Spencer Handicap, Georgetown Handicap, Indian River Handicap, Beverwyck Handicap and Brook Handicap. He also won a 4 and up steeplechase at Pimlico and was out of the money only twice in 14 outings.

Mrs. E. duPont Weir's Irish-bred Burma Road was next in line for purses won, garnering \$33,120. \*Burma Road made his first visit of the season to the winner's circle at Delaware in a 4 and up steeplechase and his next in the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, winning his next outing in the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase 'Cap.

Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark led the money winning owners as her stable accounted for \$69,215, ahead of Mrs. E. duPont Weir's winnings of \$43,415.

Leading the money winning trainers was James Ryan, having trained winners of \$65,295. "Dolly" Byers was 2nd in the list with \$58,105.

For the number of races won, Jack Skinner headed the list with 20 steeplechasers. He also had a winner on the flat at the Middleburg Hunt Meeting. He is listed as having trained 19 winners but in checking over the record, he had charge of Greenwich Time when he won at Laurel, which probably was not included. "Dolly" Byers was a close runner-up with 18 winners.

The steeplechase jockeys had two leaders in W. Owen and E. Roberts. "Billy" Owen rode his first steeplechase at the Carolina Cup in 1942 but in 1943 he headed the list and again in 1944, riding 24 winners over jumps and also 2 on the flat. Emmett Roberts was giving him a run for his money as he rode 23 winners. The Montpelier Hunt Meeting was their last chance to meet and there was almost more interest in that outcome than in the horses winning.

The 6 leading steeplechasers for races won found Rouge Dragon and Royal Archer tied with 6 each. Ahmisk, Bill Coffman, \*Fay Cottage and Fieldfare had 5 each.

Taken as a whole, the steeplechasing season has been a good one. During the year, 235 horses started between the flags and 172 shared in the distribution of money or plate. The owners totalled 159 with 117 sharing the purses. Of the 184 races run, 4 were competed for plate only. Amateur racing again benefitted

\*Bull Dog headed the sires in the number of winners, his progeny accounting for 172 races. In order, the next 6 leading sires of winners were Ariel, 161, Peace Chance, 153, Chance Play, 149, \*Challenger II, 137, Discovery, 130 and \*Pharamond II, 109.

Pavot not only won honors for himself but also for his sire, Case Ace. His progeny place him in front as the leading juvenile sire. In this division, the 2-year-olds won \$230,525 to assume the lead ahead of Questionnaire's juveniles earning \$153,000.

When the tracks are allowed to open again, the 1944 records will be challenging them.

through the United Hunts Racing Association which contributed over \$3,000 to the Rose Tree and Middleburg Hunt Meetings for purses and trophies.

### Summaries

#### Ten Leading Money Winning Stables

	No. of Races Won	Amt. Won
Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark	21	\$69,215
Mrs. E. duPont Weir	7	43,415
M. A. Cushman	6	39,795
Isadore Bieber	10	39,075
Kent Miller	7	22,845
Rokeby Stables	7	21,335
Thomas T. Mott	5	16,260
Ella Widener	3	15,670
Brookmeade Stable	5	14,570
Greentree Stable	5	12,585

#### Eight Leading Money Winning Horses

Rouge Dragon	\$39,795
*Burma Road	33,120
Ahmisk	29,580
Royal Archer	20,290
Elkridge	17,525
Iron Shot	15,670
Bill Coffman	12,075
Raylywn	11,315

#### Eight Leading Trainers (Money Won)

James E. Ryan	\$65,295
J. Dallett Byers	58,105
Hirsch Jacobs	43,825
Morris H. Dixon	40,990
John T. Skinner	39,465
Judy Johnson	29,155
John Bosley, Jr.	26,355
William G. Jones	25,920

#### Eight Leading Trainers (Races Won)

John T. Skinner	20
J. Dallett Byers	18
James E. Ryan	15
Morris H. Dixon	14
Judy Johnson	12
John Bosley, Jr.	11
Hirsch Jacobs	11
W. Burling Cocks	7

#### Eight Leading Riders (Races Won)

	Jumps	Flat	Total
W. Owen	24	2	26
E. Roberts	23	—	23
N. Brown	15	—	15
J. Magee	12	1	13
G. Walker	11	—	11
J. Harrison	10	—	10
W. Leonard	10	—	10
S. Riles	10	—	10

### Feature Events at Hunt Meetings

**Middleburg**  
William Skinner Memorial—Rokeby Stable's Caddie, 155, (E. Roberts), Trophy.

**Rose Tree**  
The Ormead Cup—R. V. N. Gambrell's Parma, 149, (R. Miller), \$640.

**Montpelier**  
Noel Laing Handicap—A. C. Rostwick's Galley Boy, 134, (S. Riles), \$805.

**Stakes Winners At The Major Tracks**  
Pimlico Spring Maiden—G. H. Bostwick's Bridlespur, 152, (J. Harrison), \$3,300.

Jervis Spencer 'Cap—M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, 157, (W. Owen), \$8,975.

International 'Cap—Rokeby Stables' Caddie, 148, (E. Roberts), \$3,330.

Charles L. Appleton—Ella Widener's Iron Shot, 158, (N. Brown), \$3,290.

Belmont Spring Maiden—Mrs. F. A. Clark's Chesapeake, 147, (W. Owen), \$3,215.

Corinthian 'Cap—H. E. Talbott's Brother Jones, 158, (G. Walker), \$3,400.

Meadow Brook 'Cap—Ella Widener's Iron Shot, 159, (N. Brown), \$4,935.

Lion Heart 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's \*The Beak, 135, (W. Owen), \$3,275.

Hitchcock 'Cap—Ella Widener's Iron Shot, 163, (N. Brown), \$4,780.

Delaware Spring Maiden—John M. Schiff's Shotlo, 149, (W. Leonard), \$3,300.

Amagansett Hurdle 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's Raylywn, 152, (S. Riles), \$2,870.

Georgetown 'Cap—M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, 158, (W. Owen), \$6,250.

Cagliostro Hurdle 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's Blue Fung, (149, M. Mergler), \$2,820.

Indian River 'Cap—M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, 161, (W. Leonard), \$5,950.

Shillelah — Kent Miller's Elkridge, 146, (J. Harrison), \$4,035.

## Viceroy's Stables

Continued from Page Sixteen

leather soaped and rubbed to a fine patina of mohogany, and the white horse hair fly brushes that waved over the heads of forgotten Viceroy's. But perhaps the mutest testimony to a grander age were the lines of shoes and caps. Twenty pairs of black shoes with shining brass buckles and twenty black hunting caps with the gold braid on the top. The official accoutrement of the Viceregal coachmen when the rulers of India went abroad.

Later one of the Viceroy's A. D. C.'s told me that the old man has been the Viceregal coachman for the past thirty years and lives on, in the hope that there will be another Durbar before he dies. The chances, I am afraid are not good.

Lord Wavell keeps only a few horses in the miles of stalls, but manages to get an hour's riding in every day. He generally uses a bay hunter and rides alone.

The Delhi hounds are kenneled at the Viceregal stables and Colonel Codrington, the master, showed them to me at feeding time. They are a pretty scratch lot, but in view of the fact that there have been no imports from England for the past five years and what breeding has been done has necessarily been restricted to the Indian packs, the results are not too bad.

There are nine and a half couple, about evenly divided between Welsh and English strains. The stud books shows that the original drafts came from the Cottesmore but where the Welsh blood originated is not stated. I do not think Mr. Isaac Bell would claim them. One curious effect of either the Indian climate or the inbreeding has been to produce sterns like pekinese. On some of the hounds the circle has been virtually completed.

As far as I could gather the pack was started in 1922 and has changed masters almost every year since. Colonel Codrington is also returning to England in March, so that the future of the Delhi hunt is fast approaching its yearly crisis. While there are Englishmen, however, there will be hunting and someone will carry on.

North American 'Cap—T. T. Mott's Ossabaw, 134, (J. Penrod), \$4,125.

Beverwyck 'Cap—M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, 161, (W. Leonard), \$4,185.

Saratoga 'Cap—Kent Miller's Elkridge, 155, (J. Harrison), \$5,940.

Harbor Hill 'Cap—Isadore Bieber's Ahmisk, 134, (G. Walker), \$3,965.

Bushwick Hurdle 'Cap—Richard K. Mellon's \*Longchamp 2nd, 137, (J. Magee), \$2,965.

Glendale 'Cap—Isadore Bieber's Ahmisk, 139, (G. Walker), \$5,695.

Broad Hollow 'Cap—Kent Miller's Elkridge, 161, (J. Harrison), \$4,110.

Brook 'Cap—M. A. Cushman's Rouge Dragon, 160, (W. Leonard), \$6,195.

Grand National 'Cap—Mrs. E. duPont Weir's \*Burma Road, 136, (J. Magee), \$13,385.

Governor Ogle 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's \*Boojum 2nd, 133, (J. Magee), \$4,790.

Butler 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's Raylywn, 132, (J. McGovern), \$4,830.

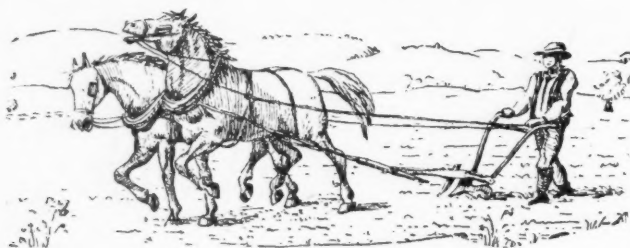
Chevy Chase 'Cap—Isadore Bieber's Ahmisk, 137, (G. Walker), \$6,175.

Temple Gwathmey 'Cap—Mrs. E. duPont Weir's \*Burma Road, 139, (J. Magee), \$12,330.

Battleship 'Cap — Isadore Bieber's Ahmisk, 144, (G. Walker), \$7,275.

Manly 'Cap—Mrs. F. A. Clark's Royal Archer, 138, (S. Riles), \$9,225.

## FARMING in WAR TIME



### Farm Income Won't Be So High In 1945

Farmers handled more money in 1944 than ever they did before but it's unreasonable to expect as high a farm income in 1945.

The prices of things farmers buy is likely to rise some more and stay high in relation to the prices farmers get for their products. Further more, there's bound to be some decrease in our total farm production. Thus we may get a surprising decline in net farm income this year.

A decrease in production is indicated by food production goals which call for the same acreage of crops produced in 1944. Even with normal weather conditions, however, these goals aren't likely to give a total yield as high as last year. Yields may be 10 percent less. Livestock and livestock products are also expected to decrease about 10 percent.

### Use Extra Caution In Dairy Replacements

A warning to farmers that they should use extra caution in buying replacement dairy animals has been issued by the American Veterinary Medical association's committee on Milk Hygiene.

The increased price of milk and the lowered price of canner cows increases the danger of the unsuspecting farmer purchasing unfit or diseased animals which are being weeded out of other herds. Sometimes a herd owner will dispose of diseased animals before his herd is checked over by the veterinarian to qualify it for milk sales. Such animals can spread disease to the new herds into which they go. They can also carry diseases into sale barns or cattle dealers' herds.

To play safe, the purchaser will be wise to buy replacement animals from local herds which he knows to be free of disease, or to have a veterinarian examine animals from unknown sources to be sure they are not disease carriers, before he brings them onto his farm.

### Postwar Farm Labor Supply Can Be Cut

Farmers are beginning to believe that when the war is over they will not want an abundance of farm labor but would like the return of some of the more experienced help.

Experiences during the war are proving that farmers can produce far greater yields with less labor than they once thought possible. Farm production in 1944 was above 1943—despite the decrease in farm labor supply.

How did the farmers do the job? They worked longer hours. They made better use of each member of the family as a farm worker. Methods of production, seeds, fertilizers and the like were improved and better use was obtained of labor saving machinery such as tractors, hay loaders and the like. Better management, better planned use of labor, and use of inexperienced hands also helped.

Obviously farmers will not need as much labor after the war as they did before because of the labor short-cuts they have learned.

As long as industry keeps farm laborers, now in such short supply for farmers, there will be no problem of surplus workers. What we shall do when and if industry is forced to cut down remains a problem. For many reasons, it does not seem desirable for agriculture that all of these workers who have left farms to return to them. Among other things, as labor leaves industry the demand for farm products in the cities will be cut, reducing the market for farm products.

About ten times as much dried whole milk is now produced in the United States as was produced before the war.

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### Candy

Continued from Page Six

"Mr. Jo. dearly loved the old lady and saw she was terribly worried so, agreeable-like, with no mind of his own, he said: 'All right mother—just put them down in a cool shady spot in the orchard.' Instead, the old lady sent them to the kennels and saved the cost of a couple of days digging.

"The first thing Mr. Jo. does when he comes out of hospital is to hobble over to the stables and ask where they buried the mare—Seamstress and the roan horse—Ten Below. And when they tell him they'd been fed to the hounds he dropped his crutches and took side jumps shouting—'Fed them to the hounds. My God! Fed them to the hounds.'

"He got so sad about the bad news that he never mentioned another word about it to anyone, not even his mother. But you know what a fellow does once he will usually do again so he still hankered a little after those open jumpers. He never missed seeing a class when around the shows and it looked like he'd get another open horse and start going high again but he didn't. He got sensible and kept model hunters and in a year or two, when he'd settled down, he was asked to judge open jumpers. There never was a fairer or no better man anywhere at scoring a jumper than Mr. Jo. He is sharp and knows all the tricks: this one letting on that he is fixing leathers when stalling to give a tired horse a bit of wind don't get any breaks from him neither does that one having a partner trying to put a horse out by tapping a rail when a horse is going clean.

"Well, he didn't know it but Ten Below never was fed to the hounds. No, Sir, Bert Lambe, the huntsman at Mitford, wouldn't throw a nice jumping horse to a pack of foxhounds. Not him. He likes an honest one too much. Of course he loves that lady on the back of a silver dollar, too.

"Bert disguised Ten Below and made such a slick job of hiding the horse that no one in Maryland, Virginia, or in Carolina, saw hide or

haid of him. He hogged his mane and docked his tail and sold him for seventy-five dollars and split the money with the kennelman and to ease their conscience a little they made flesh out of Seamstress.

"You know no two horses look alike to Mr. Jo. They aren't either. Take a thousand and each one acts different—just like humans, some lazy, others eager to work, some sulky, others happy—all different—they show it in getting their tongue over the bit or gladly going against the collar—understand?

"Mr. Jo. gets a kick out of watching the mood of each horse and rider

Continued on Page Nineteen

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# A Day In The Rombout Country

By Kingsley Kenhardt

Here's another yarn about the big horse I acquired on that hilarious trip to Virginia with Teddy Wahl, who you'll remember runs the Round Hill Club Stables. During the summer I temporarily made a show horse out of him with real success, but this fall he has reverted to his original role of a working hunter.

One Sunday early in November, thirteen of us went up to Poughkeepsie with our horses for a day with the Rombout Hounds. We arrived at a quarter past nine, the meet being near the kennels at 9:30. There were about forty people bustling around, tacking up horses, getting mounted and exchanging gossip. The group was well salted by an attractive lot of Vassar girls, the college being only five miles away. At this hunt, the Master, a most attractive chap named Homer Gray, who needless to say makes a specialty of riding gray horses, also hunts his hounds and does more than a good job of it. He was there to greet us, together with Mrs. Allan Ryan, his Joint Master, mounted on Captain Ryan's big chestnut, he being in France. All was lovely, except that one van load of our horses was missing. It had broken down some eight miles away. Five of us slowly burned up, despite the cold, as we watched the hunt start out with all the usual color and excitement. It wasn't any fun, as we'd been planning and saving gas for this outing and had our best horses primed for a day of it. Leland McCreery was riding a grandson of **Man o'War**, Dorothy Wahl had out **Skylark**, who just the week before had won the best-in-show at the Yale Farms Hunter Trials, Teddy Wahl had two new horses, one of which he sold before the day was over, and Ann Holton had her big bay mare that she'd hunted for three seasons with the same hounds while she was at Vassar. Of course, the big horse and my daughter's **Huntsman** (nearly as large) were in the broken-down van. The Master told us where they were going, and we sat around, slowly freezing to death in the cold wind, hoping that somehow or other the truck would get started again.

This didn't last too long, for Teddy cranked up the van that had arrived, and drove it off to switch horses. About 10:30 he came back with the missing steeds and all was hustle and bustle, and wondering if we would ever find the hunt, which in an hour can cover a lot of country. O'Malley Knott, of "Gone away with O'Malley", had waited for quite a while, as he knew the country well and was going to show us where to go, but at last he had given us up as hopeless, and we were left not knowing what to do. Suddenly, who should come cantering out of the woods but Jack Melville, the good-looking husband of the good-looking Mrs. Melville. He was home on furlough and acting as Whip that day, and Homer Gray, bless his soul, had sent him in to see if he could help us out. We fell on his neck with cries of joy, and started off through a deep river, up a long stony road, and then cut into some fields. Melville started his horse at a nice canter, which gradually developed into a hard gallop, with all six of us careening over hill and dale, doing polo pony tricks through orchards and jumping over some of the doggonedest biggest jumps I ever want to see. That country certainly wasn't built for horse traders who want to make their horses look good.

There was one particularly high gate coming off a railroad track, but I tipped that over a bit, so the others didn't have too much trouble with it.

After a couple of miles of this, I was blowing hard and the big horse was just settling down. My daughter had had one refusal, and a young doctor who had never been out before had tested the ground to see how hard it was. We had arrived at the end of a series of hills and, if we'd had more leisure, could have enjoyed a grand view. But we were looking for the hunt and didn't have time for pleasantries—this was serious business. No hunt was in sight, and it was decided that they must be in the next valley, so we slipped down the hill, as they say in the hunting books, though to me it is a very uncomfortable jolting procedure, and started across the bottom land toward the next series of hills. The rolling open fields had disappeared and we got into tight little lanes, wood paths and swampy ground, with big gates and stone walls topped by rails. Somehow or other, I had gotten into the lead and, as the big horse likes to be out in front, we went sailing along and never put a toe to anything. About fifteen minutes and a couple of miles later we saw some riders in the distance, and after a detour to avoid wire, we caught up with them.

The big horse was now ready to go, and I was ready to go—home, for the last half mile I had been rolling in the saddle and blowing like a porpoise. Here at last was a chance to rest, but rest we did not because, after a quick swish through a piece of woods and a rush back again, the hounds started off in the valley below us. There I saw Mr. Fox running not over twenty yards ahead of the leading hounds, and with many shrieks of "Tally Ho" and "Gone Away", the big horse and I went bolting down another one of those unpleasant hillsides, to be in at the kill, which could not be very far off. My daughter, who had been coming along easily, and was about as fresh as when we started, showed no excitement and claimed she didn't see the fox, and thought I had better watch where I was going if I didn't want to end up with a lame horse. The blasé mien of these youngsters certainly burns me up, but I was to learn better before the day was over. At about this time, we jumped into a barnyard and I saw the Master in the strangest position, apparently examining the bottom of his stirrup—just why was not quite plain, until someone explained that his horse didn't like cows.

Somehow, the fox that had been only a few feet ahead of the hounds seemed to have eluded them and headed of across the eastern portion of the Rombout country which, during wartime, they have not been able to keep up properly so there are no panels to get one over the wire fences. The result was that we took to the roads. They are hard, dirt roads but, thank Heaven, not cement. Galloping down roads is the thing I am least good at, though the big horse seems to revel in it and feels that the only thing he has to do is to pass all the horses in front of him. After we had done a few miles of that, and I had my "unbreakable" glasses broken by a flying stone kicked up by my daughter's horse, I knew I was ready to go home—before, I just kind of thought I was. Luckily, there was a check, though

why the Master checked I did not know as we had not seen the hounds in twenty minutes and we did not see them then but, thank Heaven, he did check. I reached for the "life saver" in my sandwich case, only to find that I had not fastened the stopper properly and the one time I really needed something for medicinal purposes I didn't have it. By this time one might have expected everything would be quieted down—not at all. This was the point when the big horse decided that walking was a bore—the thing to do was to jog and, if he couldn't be at the head of the line, he was going to make it so disagreeable for everybody else that they would wish he were. Since that time we have corrected the situation with a different bit, but I had not realized in how much better condition he was than I.

We hacked back to where we had found the fox, and there were the hounds, which had run in a big circle. In the middle of a field, peacefully scratching herself, was the "fox", only this time I was closer, and I realized that what I had been screeching—"Tally Ho" and "Gone Away" at was a very nice looking tan hound. No wonder my daughter hadn't seen the fox! Of course, the pack had been having a field day while we were away, and we started out to pick up. Mrs. Serrell, the Master of the Fairfield-Westchester Hounds, had gone home shortly before, and I, stupidly, had not gone along with her. Collecting hounds is fun, but it consists of a lot of walking, some scrambling over jumps, and some quick, sharp canters, so that you and the horse never get a chance to settle down. I forgot to mention that the grandson of **Man o'War** had not lived up to his grandsire's reputation and had slipped Leland McCreery into one of the muddiest bog holes I ever saw. Another rider, a lady, explained to me in great detail how she had fallen off at a jump, though I couldn't see that it had had any ill effects, so I pulled out of line to wait for my daughter. When she came up, the big horse slipped into his accustomed position, with his nose two and a half inches back of her horse's tail, and

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## Candy

Continued from Page Eighteen

and always has a nice word for the good ones. There was plenty of them at the last big show at Mitford, two years' ago. The Jubilee—they called it—remember? Thirty-four entries in the first open class and after three turn offs and a lot of refusing and knocking down poles a girl comes in on a horse named **Candy**—a rangy-looking strawberry roan. (Never saw a had one yet," said Steamie in an aside.) I mean the horse, though the girl, too, was mighty pretty, pretty as a picture.) She goes up to the first fence, six two, and takes it easy-like, without any rushing or scrambling and when the horse is on top he swings himself sideways, front feet, hind feet, head too. My! My! I said, when I saw the cat hairs on his belly, that girl will take a spill, but no she held to the leather. She stuck there like a leaf to a tree, just moving gently in the breeze.

"Well you should have seen those fellows schooling after **Candy's** first appearance in the ring. They threw poles at those horses and tickled them with wire and electric hickies but it didn't do any benefit. **Candy** won every class, every one but two and the girl saved him out of those

—knock down and out. She was wise—you only wear 'em down in those kind of classes.

"Mr. Jo. had been scoring and I thought I saw him looking at me with a question in his mind when **Candy** went in for the Championship. Then he called, 'Steamie.' That's me so I ducked into the ring beside him and heard him say—'young lady, let me take a look at that horse.'

"He walked over to the roan and ran his hand along a crupper, eyeing the girl severe-like. 'What you got under there?' he says.

"She glanced back at him, kind of bashful, and smiled. 'It's false,' she said.

"He wasn't shy, not him, he went back there and lifted up the horse's tail and looked and looked. I did too—sure enough it was an imitation. It fitted as snug as a glove and waved and shined like the real thing. Then Mr. Jo. eased up to the roan's shoulders and slipped a couple of fingers over the withers. 'Well, I declare,' he shouted, 'Steamie—this is **Ten Below**. I know him by that old fistula wound.'

"I said: 'I'll be a miserable sinner, Mr. Jo. if it isn't the old rascal himself—**Ten Below**.'

"Then with the championship ribbon hanging on the browband we walked out of the ring and stood in the shade of a tree while **Ten Below** poked and nuzzled Mr. Jo. and the girl told us how she had come to own him. She had been to a show in the East and while driving through a little town in Westchester saw a bunch of horses being loaded on a freight car. The most of them, she said, were as droopy as withered flowers and as thin as chicken wire and sore or dead lame. She got out of the automobile and petted the horses and one, the roan, kept nosing around her pocket.

"She said that it made her sick at her stomach to see those horses being jammed into the car as tight as herring in a barrel and felt so sorry for them that she would have bought the lot—twenty-five—if she could have afforded it.

"The man loading the freight car told her that the horses were being shipped to Philadelphia to be made into canned dog food—Phantom dog food. Imagine—dog meat. "Steamie waved an arm towards his recious charge—**Mainmast**.

"'You're not going to make dog meat out of this horse,' the girl told him, as she held on to the roan. 'I'm going to buy him.'

"She paid forty dollars for the horse, got him home and turned him out on pasture. The flies took advantage of that fan tail so she had a false one made for him. I wish you could see it. The thing's as handy as a pocket in your shirt.

"And you know," said Steamie, "if it hadn't been for that fake tail Mr. Jo. never would have met Mrs. Chyle."

Steamie's listeners exchanged quizzical glances, then, after a pause, Lofty spoke up—"He married the girl—eh?"

"Sure! Sure! answered Steamie. "Of course he did. He let **Ten Below** get away from him but not that girl. He's got too keen an eye for nice lines and a stately walk. She's got 'em. Got 'em both, I'd say."

"Bring on your open jumpers," a loud voice reverberated along the roof of the basement stable and Steamie, pleased with himself, was left alone.

# In The Country:-



## Accident Near Middleburg

Mrs. Arthur White was painfully cut about the face when her car went off the road during the recent sleety weather. Mrs. Newell J. Ward, Jr. reported that her mother was fussing about things in general Sunday, so all indications are that she will soon be out again. Sad to state, the car needs more than pin firing and turning out to pasture.

## Spectator

One of The Chronicle's most enthusiastic correspondents, John Cooper, assistant secretary National Steeplechase & Hunt Association, left for the Army this past Tuesday. Jack has been covering steeplechasing at Belmont and Aqueduct under the by-line of "Spectator" for the past two years and has done a good job. When the jockeys admit that a story is written exactly right, the writer is on his toes. The best of luck to "Spectator".

## Futurity and Matron Stakes

The Westchester Racing Association has sent out entry blanks for the joint closing of The Futurity and Matron Stakes of 1947 for mares served in 1944. The produce of each mare nominated will automatically become eligible to one of the two races—colts to The Futurity and fillies to The Matron.

## Schooling Show

The Cavalry Riding Academy, 107th Cavalry Armory, 2500 East 130th Street, Shaker Heights, Ohio, will begin its 1945 season with a schooling show on January 7 at 2:00 p. m. Five classes are listed which include open jump, (open to all); hacks, (school owned); working hunter, (open to all); horsemanship, (divisions of school owned horses and privately owned horses), and hunter hack, no jump. Entries are \$1.00 per horse per class and there will be no charge for admission.

## Rombout Riding and Hunt Club

Officers and Directors for 1945 have been named for the Rombout Riding and Hunt Club. On the Board of Governors: T. Arthur Johnson, president; Richard F. Meyer, vice-president; George D. Campbell, secretary; M. Glenn Folger, treasurer; Mrs. Sterling Tomkins, Mrs. Edward A. Schwartz, Malcolm R. Grahame, Mrs. James Forrestal and John Melville. The Executive Committee is composed of Messrs. Folger, Campbell, Meyer, Johnson and Homer B. Gray, M. F. H. Joint Masters are Messrs. Gray and Meyer. Their annual meeting is the 1st Friday in November and the Board of Governors meets 1st Saturday in April and September.

## Recovering

Fletcher Harper, M. F. H. Orange County Hunt, will soon be able to leave the hospital and return to his home near Middleburg. Mr. Harper was hurt in the hunting field but is reported to be getting along nicely.

## No Hunting

Mrs. Arthur Lindley was hailed slipping along the streets of Middleburg and sliding to a stop, she introduced her guests, adding ruefully, "They came to Virginia to hunt." Hunting is still out as the ground continues to be frozen after the sleet storm last week.

## Wounded

Lt. Edward deMartelly, U. S. Cavalry Reconnaissance Battalion, somewhere in Europe, has been wounded. Ted is the brother-in-law of Mrs. Louis de Martelly of Barrington, Illinois who holds down the fort for The Chronicle in that section of the country.

## Rombout Country

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we swung down through a little thicket. There ahead of us I saw a dip in the ground into a muddy hole, with a big stone wall and a couple of bars on the other side of it—in other words, I saw a lot of trouble. I was much too close to jump, and really much too tired to set the horse back and give him a chance. Well, the result was the prettiest double somersault ever seen in that neck of the woods. Luckily, the horse went one way and I went the other. The horse wasn't hurt, not even scratched.

Up to this point I have not told you anything about the ubiquitous Dr. McCreery. He is one of the East's better surgeons, but there are lots of good surgeons. His claim to fame is that he loves fox hunting and is always directly behind anyone who comes a cropper. Don't ask me how he does it, but I think it is some instinct of his mount's, the most ideal hunter I ever saw—Mandy by name and Mandy by action. She has a fast walk, a fast trot, a slow canter, a lovely mouth, can jump anything in the country, and never gets excited. I have even seen her win a prize in the show ring, believe it or not, but that was when Mary Stevens of Bedminster was judging. She has known a good horse ever since as teen-agers we used to hunt together with the Essex. Well, thanks to Mandy, or someone, Dr. McCreery was behind me when I lit on my ear so, when I came to find myself flopping around in the woods like a wounded pheasant, the first thing my eyes lit upon was the good doctor hot-footing it toward me. After examining my wracked and torn frame, he told me that there was nothing really the matter with me. A more gross understatement I never heard in my life as I still have pains and aches.

I couldn't lie there all day and had to get home somehow, so they lifted me onto the horse again, and off we went through a bit of woods. On the other side was one of those big walls and, when I saw "big", I mean BIG. There is one in that country which I scrambled over a couple of years ago that, it is claimed, measures 5 feet 3 inches from a depressed take-off. Now, I don't mean the one I hit or that hit me was anything like that, but I do know it was about eight inches higher than the horse jumped. It was quite a different story on this last wall for, after his fall, the big horse wanted no part of it and, as he never had learned to refuse, we went up, up, up, and eventually came down

## Valuable Handbook For Young Riders

By Jamestown

Heads Up—Hands Down, a Handbook of Horsemanship and Riding, by C. W. Anderson, illustrated by the author. New York, Macmillan, \$2.50. In his latest utterly enjoyable work the genial C. W. Anderson has produced a book that will be of immense value to all young riders who, new to the game and anxious to learn, are unable to get hold of any literature that will explain to them in the simplest words the answers to their multiple problems. Mr. Anderson, who knows whereof he writes and practices what he preaches, discusses the horse himself and his points of conformation, the different breeds, the different pieces of tack used, the rider's clothing and that of the horse and how both should be kept. He goes on to explain the rudiments of the riding art and thence to the care of the horse in the stable, including a description of the common ailments of the horse. All of this is completely illustrated and couched in terms that the veriest tyro can readily understand. The book, while primarily intended to fill a want that the author had himself found the need of filling, will still be found delightful reading for the older, more experienced horseman or woman. Absolutely a work to be recommended to one and all, and a fit companion to the other Anderson works, Big Red; Black, Bay and Chestnut; Deep Through The Heart, etc. One should have them all, for they will help pass many a lazy odd hour.

## POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm, Rockville, Maryland. Established 1910. Recognized 1931.



## Fixtures For January, 1945

Craggwood .....	6
Mt. Prospect .....	9
Piney Spring Farm .....	13
Plummer's Corner .....	16
Heigh Ho .....	20
Great Elm Farm .....	23
The Glen .....	27
Travillah .....	30

Meet Time 1:45 P. M.

Landowners are invited to hunt. Please close gates, replace bars and avoid stock. Keep off seeded and soft ground. Report all damage to Master. In case of inclement weather call Wis. 1868.

Col. H. H. Semmes and Ralph Counselman Joint M. F. H.; F. Moran McConihe Secretary.

## ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack, New Jersey. Established 1912. Recognized 1912.



## Hunting Appointments

Hounds will hunt every Wednesday and Saturday, weather permitting, until further notice. Time and place of fixture can be ascertained by telephoning the Club House, Peapack 62, the day before.

The Hunt Committee  
Richard V. N. Gambrill, Secretary

on the other side. How high we went I wouldn't know, but it would have been good enough to win one of the old high jumping events I'm sure.

## Blinkers

Time was when blinkers were known as the rogue's badge on the race track. Today a glance at the equipment column in the charts shows that about 80 per cent, if not more, of the horses running today wear blinkers. This does not mean, however, that 80 per cent of the racers are bad actors. Blinkers come in all shapes and modifications, some shielding but one eye and others serving as no more than a head covering. Perhaps the most well-known recent use of blinkers was Ben Jones' use of the one-eyed blinker which was credited with curing Whirlaway of his inclination to "run out".

## Rick's Raft

Had not Henry M. Knight been visiting on the back stretch at Churchill Downs one chilly spring morning in 1938, William Helis would not today have Rick's Raft, Walden winner and a good 3-year-old prospect. Knight happened to be on the spot when Tankie, dam of Rick's Raft, then a race mare, broke her leg in a workout. Her trainer had one of two alternatives; to destroy her or to give her away. The master of Almahurst farm thought she had a chance to be saved and urged the trainer not to have the veterinary destroy her. The harried trainer replied, "Mister, if you want her you can have her." So, though Knight had all the broodmares he needed, he had her sent to his farm where with care and the skill of the vet her broken limb mended. She entered the broodmare ranks at Almahurst and after a couple of seasons was bred to Peace Chance, "Because," Knight said, "he sires good looking horses and you get good prices for good looking horses." The good looking foal by Peace Chance is Rick's Raft, which Helis bought from Knight along with Greek Warrior, Dimitra, Kirke and some others.

## Buy WAR BONDS

## Classified Ads

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Very quiet brown mare, 15 hands, up to 200 lbs. Good hack and hunter. Priced reasonably. Top show horse, 5-year-old, registered chestnut gelding. Turner Wiltshire, Middleburg, Va. 12-15 4t ch

FOR SALE—Chestnut registered Thoroughbred mare, 5 years old, sound, 16 hands—has been hunted and jumps very well. Will sacrifice. Call or write Henry Ernest Ketner, 1030 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Phone 42127. 1-5 2t c

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred stallion, four years old, 16.1, chestnut. By Challenger 2nd out of Precept. Never raced. Suitable for breeding, racing or the hunt field. Quiet and well mannered. Would make a teaser as well as a good sire. William V. Flynn, Todt Hill Road, Staten Island 4, N. Y. 1t c

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred hunter by Crack Brigade. 7-year-old, 17 hands. Has hunted with Green Spring Hunt for several years. Excellent prospect for brush or timber races. Guaranteed sound, quiet and a good jumper. Thornton Farm, Riderwood, Md. Phone evenings Towson 1319. 1t c



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